OUTLOOK
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"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

COMMENT

Cartoon by Cesare 418
Trend of the Week 419
The French Speak Out 425
Backstage in Washington 426

ARTICLES

All Quiet on the Rapidan 427
John S. Gregory
Christian Culture, R. F. D. 428
R. W. Baggott and Philip McKee
The Gadfly in the Senate 430
Louis Cochran
What More Do Women Want? 433
Creighton Peet

REGULAR FEATURES

Sports 436
Theatre 437
Business 438
Movies 439
Books 440
Music 444
From the Life 444

Next Week

Why Women Fail
By Lorine Prouette
A thought-provoking article by a successful woman who says her sex is too humble, too dependent and has not the urge to succeed because they have no wives.

A Gentleman's Racket
By Darwin Teilhet
In the West and Middle West, suckers are avidly playing a "new army game," which nets suave promoters millions a year—and it seems to be a depression-proof business.

The Jews War on Crime
By Ernest K. Coulter
Twenty-five years ago a New York City Police Commissioner stung public-spirited Jews to the quick by his assertion that too many of their race were criminals. This article tells what has happened since. The results are startling.

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WITH OUR READERS

The Burden of Armament

To the Editor: *Los Angeles*

SIR—You commend Hugh Gibson's notion that disarmament must be gradual. Where has this procedure gotten us to so far? Does not procrastination necessarily involve increased expenditure for something utterly worthless? Is this waste a betrayal of the interests of the people when millions are in want of the bare necessities of life?

It is impossible for a true friend of peace to oppose genuine disarmament or support the farce of gradual disarmament which has always actually meant armament. The first step toward peace is the renunciation of the instruments of warfare. Whenever a group favors military might instead of right, it is *prima facie* evidence of criminal intent. War is merely the employment of thug methods on a large scale. In our national life, the criminal profits by plundering—to the detriment of society. This is but a miniature replica of war.

The best friend that war has ever had is the individual who says he favors peace, but who invariably supports wars, denounces peace workers, and shouts for preparedness. Patriotism is frequently a convenient cloak to hide the wolf beneath. Don't be deceived; the wolf has no thought of his country's welfare, but would have his countrymen die in vain. He is concerned only with Self and Co., Inc.

With characteristic military illogic, the OUTLOOK infers that we would have to fight other nations to make them really disarm. Did we have to declare war on France to make her accept the Hoover moratorium? Furthermore, the people of all nations are crying for the removal of the military burden. Many phases of the peace problems such as abolition of racial, national and religious prejudice and economic strife can be solved only in an evolutionary manner, but disarmament can and must be accomplished now. This issue which involves the very existence of mankind is far more important than your pet liquor question. You pussyfooters should read Devere Allen's splendid book, "The Fight for Peace." After that, you should know where you stand, if at all.

Why should humanity continue to be held down and endangered by this tremendous burden of instruments of murder? To you who possess courage and vision and wish to see the world progress, the peace movement calls.

ROBERT GULICK.

The Economic Tide Turns

To the Editor: *Andover, Conn.*

SIR—Re-reading F. A. Walker, that most American and clear-headed thinker on "hard times," I was struck with his statement that they were usually stopped and a period of prosperity started by very, very cheap food. Now we can get on Front Street (Hartford's East Side) finely flavored native bacon for 12 cents, butter that sold in 1928 for 70 cents per pound for four pounds for a dollar and most excellent bread for 12 cents for a two-pound loaf. My account books show that our living costs are at least forty-five per cent less than in the boom time and this with other things makes me think that we have just about scraped bottom and will see another period of money circulating and no unemployment.

What is needed is courage. There has been a curious change since last fall as one who goes to the city at long intervals "to get the hayseed out of his hair," can notice much better than the city folks. Last fall everybody wore a long face but said things were going well. Now they seem very happy and wear good clothes but say that they are broke. Here is a right-about-face as regards sincerity and lack of bluff. Does not this portend a change for the better this winter? I think so. But to say that we are in for a period of good times and prosperity for fifteen or twenty years requires as much gall as to say that we should all have bought stocks in September, 1929.

WOOLSEY MACALPINE JOHNSON.

Remarkable Indeed

To the Editor: *Hillsboro, Ohio*

SIR—If the heading of the department, "Remarkable Remarks," means that such as are selected weekly and published under said heading are remarkable because of their absolute idiocy and silliness then the heading may be apt. But I suggest that you change your heading and label such contributions "Idiotic Remarks."

It would be most difficult to pick out any single one that has appeared for weeks that would be entitled to credit for any merit whatsoever. Just look them over and for the edification of your readers explain why they are remarkable. Any quotation from Coolidge is simply a waste of space and to feature the many ordinary creatures as this department does each week is either to brand yourselves as being damned fools or to believe that your subscribers are such.

DISGUSTED SUBSCRIBER.

Youthful Intolerance

To the Editor: *North Adams, Mass.*

SIR—No one can justly deny that intelligence and ability are exhibited in the editing of the OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT. The cleverness and initiative of youth are manifest, but withal there is a certain immaturity of vision and a youthful intolerance that arise from a limited experience of life and that can only be modified by years or by earnest reading.

Such a book as Jane Addams's "The Second Twenty Years at Hull-House," imbued as it is with the matured view and the wonderful tolerance of a long life spent in the study of the duties of citizenship and in the service of the state, might with serious perusal modify the attitude of the editors. It at least points the difference between wise altruism and clever egotism.

F. BASCOM.

Light Summer Reading

To the Editor: *Philadelphia*

SIR—Your open and unashamed alliance with fellows of the baser sort, your venomous abuse of all who differ with you, your moral turpitude and congenital inability to play fair, as evidenced in your scurrilous attacks upon President Hoover for instance, may draw on a considerable crowd of witless morons to applaud, but can but cause the judicious to grieve, and for your ear and monishing I will remark that the latter are the ones who support all reputable periodicals, the others, capable for the most part of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise, will enthusiastically yell their heads off at your insensate ravings, but pay nothing—and your frantic beating of the tom-tom, in a desperate effort to attract cash customers, has a portentous look, your offer of a three-year subscription at bargain rates I consider the poorest kind of a gamble, for I would give odds, if I were a betting man, that your precious OUTLOOK will be bankrupt in half that time, and in the earnest hope and expectation that this devoutly to be wished for debacle shall not be long delayed, I am.

BENJ. BROWN OSBORN.

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THE TIMID SOUL (APOLOGIES TO WEBSTER)

"NOTHING BUT GOOD NEWS!"

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

August 5, 1931

▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*90-Day Credit*

TO THE Philadelphia *Public Ledger* goes credit for a conspicuously intelligent headline at the closing of the London conference on Germany's financial difficulties. While many another newspaper went pollyanna on July 24, leaving the impression that a miracle had been performed at London, the *Public Ledger* headline merely announced: "Credits to Germany Extended 90 Days as London Session Ends." That was what happened and that was nothing masterly, since the bankers had already signified a willingness on their part to extend the credits—short-term ones of $100,000,000 to the German Reichsbank, maturing on August 16. The delegates at the conference—American, British, French, Italian, Japanese, Belgian and German—simply recommended that the bankers grant this extension.

The conference also recommended that the bankers try to maintain other German credits; that the Bank of International Settlements set up a committee to inquire into ways and means of doing that and of converting some of her short-term notes into long-term ones. Time will tell what becomes of these recommendations; the point is that Germany's note for $100,000,000 is to be extended ninety days. In plain words, nothing has been settled or solved; Germany has been given a second breathing spell. The first was provided by the Hoover moratorium wherein Germany's reparations payments are postponed for a year. Like that plan, which points to a reconsideration and revision of the whole problem of reparations at the end of the year, the London plan necessitates further action by the end of the 90 days.

In the light of the temporary nature of the very limited relief accorded Germany one can but indict the unlimited optimism pervading the press and the Administration at Washington. There are the buoyant headlines and editorials, some even fashioning a German relief expedition out of Secretary Stimson's friendly visit to Berlin. There is, on the other hand, the statement of Assistant Secretary of Commerce Klein that we are passing out of the slump; that of Mr. Hoover himself that the London program makes for a "recovery from world-wide depression," and so on. This almost concerted over-playing of the emergency measures does more than raise false hopes for the average American. For that alone the Administration may have to pay a heavy penalty once the electorate realizes that a moratorium does not produce prosperity. Another disadvantage of such easy optimism is much broader. It completely obscures the increasingly important question of what is to be done about reparations and war debts. As it becomes more and more necessary to do something, Washington will find that public opinion is not prepared for anything.

▸▸*War in Maryland*

THOUGH we don't know who he is, somebody in Maryland is plumb full of ideas. The latest concerns the Maryland National Guard which has been encamping over the line at Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania. Instead of the conventional and humdrum manoeuvres between the Reds and the Blues, or the Whites and the Blacks, or something like that, the Marylanders have been getting their battle practice from playing that one side is the wets and the other the drys. Having mobilized out Kansas way, the dry army marched east and captured Philadelphia, Washington and, believe it or not, Baltimore itself. Then, out to take New York, the drys launched a flank movement toward the wet army nestling in the Pocono Mountain passes. Far be it from us to explain exactly why an army headed toward Broadway should strike at the Pocono Mountains, but anyway the drys did; hence the strategic problem of the Maryland officers and the marching to and fro of their troops.

Whether the wet army or the dry wins in the end, some one, of course, will claim that the dice were loaded. Yet despite the ensuing embarrassment, we are quite ready to endorse this little enterprise. More than that, why not imitate it? For one thing, why not have a military game like this to settle the election of a Senator or two? For another, decide whether Tammany is to have a vacation or not? Again . . . . well, it's not the Marylanders alone who have ideas.

▸▸*1932 Deficit*

STRINGENT economy, President Hoover has informed his department heads, must mark the submission of financial estimates to Congress. This is so because "our receipts are falling off materially," because there will be a "large deficit . . . for the current fiscal year." The situation, the President says, "is a serious one and demands that we all make the most earnest efforts to eliminate or postpone all such activities as may be so treated without serious detriment to the public welfare."

Thus the first admission from the

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President that another of his optimistic predictions has been shattered. The current fiscal year ends on June 30, 1932. Only last December, Mr. Hoover estimated that it would end with a thirty million dollar surplus. Now there will be, instead, a "large deficit." This news will cause no ominous drop of security values in Wall Street; it has been obvious for some time. The prediction of a thirty million dollar surplus was predicated upon a return of prosperity during 1931; complete and miraculous. This time, however, the President learns a lesson from his unfortunate estimates of the past; he does not specify the amount of the deficit. In December, 1930, in the same statement in which he spoke of a surplus, Mr. Hoover prophesied a 180-million dollar deficit for the year which ended June 30 last. Actually, it was 903 millions.

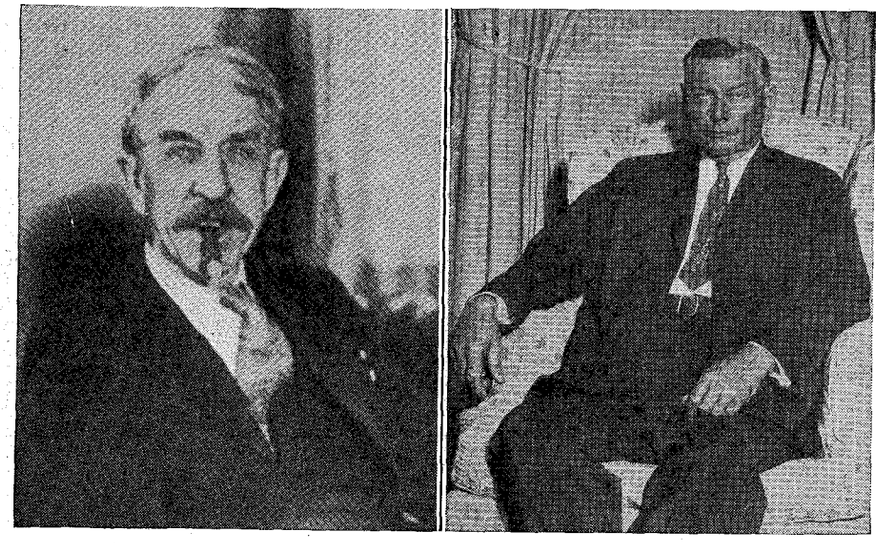
Mr. Hoover, whatever his responsibility for the deficits, can but plead guilty of having permitted political considerations to warp his judgment in making his estimates. He now says the situation is indeed "a serious one." So it is not only from the country's viewpoint but from that of the Republican Party. The 1932 campaign will be under way when the size of the deficit is announced. Democratic orators will point to it with horror. Then, if the Democrats should win, they will wish, perhaps, they had said less about it, for their task will include the raising of revenues to balance the budget.

▶▶*More Jobs, However*

Did President Hoover's latest demand for economy bring protest from political leaders? Indication that it did may be seen in an announcement next day on acceleration of the public works program to provide employment. The President, it was stated, is determined that there shall be no delays on the $700,000,000 expenditures which have been authorized. He will cut red tape. He will see that as many jobs as possible are created. Plans and blueprints are being rushed so that the actual work of construction can be started.

Coincident with this news from the White House came a statement of unprecedented importance from the Republican National Committee. Through the pages of its distinguished history the G. O. P. has been the self-appointed guardian of prosperity. It seized credit for the termination of free coinage of silver prior to 1896, although President Cleveland was actually responsible. It created the full dinner pail. It promised, in 1928, unexampled prosperity and a two-car garage for every house in the land. But now the Republican National Committee, in rejecting Hearst's proposal for a $5,000,000,000 bond issue, points out that prosperity cannot be bought by appropriations from the public treasury. "Prosperity," said Senator Fess's committee, "comes up from the people as the result and the reward of individual industry, thrift, enterprise and ambition."

This is treason. What will G. O. P. spellbinders talk about next year if denied the right to promise that the party of prosperity will restore it? How can they point to the glorious past and the still more glorious future, if prosperity comes not from political magic but from such sweaty individual virtues as thrift, ambition and enterprise? Democratic strategists have doubtless preserved this honest utterance of their Republican foes. They will find it very useful in 1932.



THE EMBATTLED
Governor Murray of Oklahoma and Governor Sterling of Texas

▶▶*The Sage at the Bridge*

Tumult and noise notwithstanding, the Texas-Oklahoma bridge fight was one between political featherweights. On the Texas side of the Red River was Governor Ross Shaw Sterling, a country storekeeper who was enriched by oil and swept into the Governor's mansion at Austin last year by a defeat of "Ma" Ferguson. On the Oklahoma side was our old friend, Governor William Henry Murray, alias Alfalfa Bill, alias Cockleburr (as well as Bolivia) Bill, alias the Bedbug Statesman, alias the Sage of Tishomingo. Between the two governors was the Red River bridge, a spanking new one, the product of an agreement in which the two states achieved an abnormal lapse of hostility Its completion found the owners of an old and nearby toll bridge dragging out a contract which proved embarrassing to Sterling and the Sage.

For the fine points of the squabble we have no concern; sufficient to say that injunctions and restraining orders were bountiful, that Governor Sterling betook himself to lawbooks and Alfalfa Bill to his vocabulary, that the Texas Rangers put up barriers, that the Oklahoma home guards tore them down, and that the Rangers put them up again while cavorting at their rodeo. So it went, day after day, until Texas threw a towel into the ring; the new bridge was opened and the owners of the old allowed to sue that state.

If you thought that would end the bout, you really didn't know your Sage of Tishomingo. The morning after found him carrying on with the toll-bridge owners. Brave man that he was, he packed a horse pistol, journeyed to the Red River, took command of his minute men, sniffed around the mess tent and swore by the heavens that the approaches to the toll bridge would not be cleared away. There he stood for a day—and then yielded. Such is the embodiment of American political color. Like it or hate it, you will nevertheless have it. A Cotton-Tom Heflin may be thrown into the discard but a Bilbo is dealt without delay; the Big Bills and the Ma Fergusons are ditched but unfathomable majorities roll up for the Sages.

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▶▶Millinery Note

No reasonable person can question our attitude on feminism. We believe in self-determination for women. If they want careers, they should have them without criticism from those who think their place is in the kitchenette. If they desire to be housewives, their professional sisters have no right to lift an eyebrow. Women can have children or not, as they choose. It is an individual problem.

With dismay, then, we read the despatches from Paris which describe the new hats. With something close to horror, we gaze upon the ladies who already are wearing them. They are the most idiotic hats, and the ugliest, since the far-off day when a hat, to be a hat, was a vast expanse on which rested a bunch of grapes, some leaves, and a muslin tomato or two. The new ones are wholly extraordinary. According to the fashion people, they are reminiscent of the Second Empire. They are very small. Some of them have plumes down the back. Others, it is hinted, will have chin straps of flowers. What they really are might be the result of a mad cross-breeding between a miniature derby, which has seen better days, and the millinery of a lady huntress at some ancient royal court.

All this has nothing to do with the long skirt controversy. This, incidentally, has been very sensibly compromised by long skirts for formal occasions at night and shorter ones for the daytime. The long skirt issue treated nearly all women alike and placed no undue handi-

Courtesy of New York Herald Tribune.

AVERAGE

cap on the majority who are not eligible for the Follies. The new hats can be worn only by women of extraordinary beauty; tall, slender, with oval faces. The woman whose face is roundish, the woman who is short, the woman who is faintly plump—all these will look grotesque. Indeed, we go as far as to say that if women, in general, wear them, they are not people after all.

▶▶1908—1931

In the June 6, 1908, issue of the Outlook Josiah William Bailey discussed the passage by popular vote of North Carolina's first state-wide prohibition law. At the time Mr. Bailey was the religious leader of North Carolina, a crusading editor-orator in much demand at the Baptist conventions. Today he is the state's senior Senator, a dry, as then, sincere but not fanatical, altogether of rare and admirable vintage. The state's law, defeated when proposed in 1881, was to go into effect on January 1, 1909. "Prepared for by twenty years of agitation and education through local option, supported by an unusual majority vote and by political leaders [Republican and Democratic] of the state, prohibition in North Carolina will begin most auspiciously," Mr. Bailey wrote. "If prohibition can succeed anywhere, it ought to succeed there. If it fails there, it can scarcely succeed in any American state."

Twenty-three years pass. North Carolina holds on to state prohibition. During the past decade it has been augmented by national prohibition; for years the two have been welded there by a most rigid state enforcement act. Every police agency of the state has been required to enforce prohibition; every court has supported the drys. Legally they have had everything their way; politically the state has rejected Al Smith and, in 1930, treated a wet candidate for the Senate as a joke. But how has prohibition succeeded in North Carolina, a rural state without a city of 100,000 population, without even an immigrant class worthy of the name?

The answer comes first-hand in the Baltimore *Sun*. Therein Eric W. Rodgers, a North Carolina newspaperman, writes that "it is not much harder to buy whisky than it is to buy an ice-cream soda." Corn whisky at $8 a gallon is bought, he said, within a stone's throw of the court houses, delivered at the home. For aging the raw corn, charred kegs are openly sold at the hardware stores, charcoal sticks at the druggist's. The ginger-ale business has become highly profitable, the California grape-juice manufacturers sell thousands of gallons of wine, peach brandy is produced in the eastern sand hills and

Courtesy of R. H. Macy & Co.

EXCEPTIONAL

apple brandy in the state's western hills. "Drinking is widespread," Mr. Rodgers writes, "among churchmen, politicians, civic leaders, officeholders and the rank and file . . . . To attempt to enforce the law among them would mean political suicide for the enforcing officer . . . . Those who are arrested belong, chiefly, to three classes: still operators, the whites without influence and the Negroes."

So that's North Carolina, where prohibition began so auspiciously. We wonder what's doing in Kansas.

▶▶Prisons

The curve of crime moves upward, and with it the percentage of youthful criminals in the country's prisons. The puzzled citizen, wondering why this is so and whether there is any cure, sometimes decides that it is because jails and penitentiaries have become rather pleasant places. He reads about motion picture shows and baseball games. Make things harder for the thieves and the murderers and there will be fewer of them, he concludes.

This type of thinking has been a main obstacle to prison reform. It is refuted, completely and utterly refuted, by the report on penal institutions, probation and parole of the Wickersham Commission. In contrast to earlier reports, this one offers specific recommendations. It is a monotone in black. The prison system "is antiquated and inefficient. It does not reform the criminal. It fails

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to protect society. There is reason to believe that it contributes to the increase of crime by hardening the prisoner." Such is the general indictment. The specifications are voluminous. First, the prisons are badly overcrowded. The cells are too small. Hospital facilities are inadequate. Sanitary arrangements constitute a menace to the health of the inmates. Recreational facilities are lacking.

The Wickersham Commission went even further. To begin with, it said, the prisons are so large as to be unwieldy. Discipline is nearly always stupid and is often cruel. These are the psychological factors back of the increasingly frequent riots. The report pointed to petty tyranny possible where senseless rules forbid staring, inattention, laughing, making signs, "silliness and profanity"; these would "tax the patience of a Job and the wisdom of a Solomon." Add to this long hours of idleness, for in many prisons there is no work. Add the tortures of boredom, oppression by ignorant and vindictive guards with powers that may be absolute. Then add cells foul from lack of ventilation. The result is an institution where fear and hatred breed, along with the vermin. The prisoners hate the guards. Further deterioration of character is the result of their years in prison.

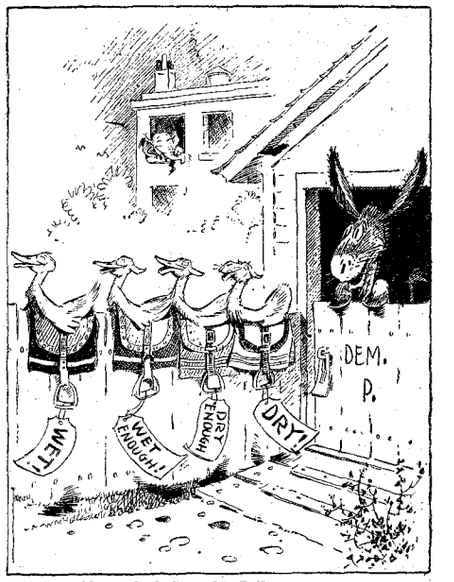
What should be done? The difficulty lies in the belief that a prison is for "the repression and control of the dangerous"; not "a professional problem of the highest complexity." Huge fortresses, such as Auburn Prison in New York, are needed for but a small minority of prisoners. With proper classification, the current overcrowding could be relieved by simple and inexpensive buildings. Finally, the parole, probation and indeterminate sentence systems should be expanded.

What will be done? In its major implications, the problem is one for the states, of course. But the report covered all prisons. The federal government is an offender also. Surely President Hoover cannot ignore the findings of his own commission, particularly when its recommendations have been so infrequent. Here is a way to enlarge the public works problem, furnish jobs, and remedy a serious evil. If the federal government took the lead in prison reform, the states might follow.

▶▶ *Wet Enough*

Mayor Cermack of Chicago, during a visit to New York in which he combined politics with the Sharkey-Walker prize fight, believes that Governor Roosevelt "is wet enough to be acceptable to our wet party in the West." Only one course is possible for the Democratic Party in Mayor Cermack's opinion; it must "adopt a forthright repeal plank . . . . a middle-of-the-road position simply will not do." He spoke, of course, with anti-prohibition Illinois sentiment in mind. The Democrats of the South will doubtless oppose his conception of this major issue.

Illinois, having elected Democratic wets as Senator and Mayor of her largest city, will be an important state in the Presidential campaign. Mayor Cermack's guarded endorsement of Governor Roosevelt, for he did not declare for his nomination, will lengthen the lead of the New York aspirant by just that much. It will become increasingly difficult for Roosevelt to protest, as he did again this time, that he is not a candidate, that "I am attending strictly to my job [Governor of New York] and that takes all the time that I am able to give it." The plain fact is that Roosevelt wants the nomination and is working toward that end. Another fact is that former Governor Smith still hopes that the prize will come to him, as it did in 1928. But Mayor Cermack did not believe, after a conversation with Smith, that he was a candidate. Sentiment in Illinois, he said, might be slightly stronger for Smith than for Roosevelt; the important thing is a wet candidate standing on a repeal plank.



Brown—New York Herald Tribune

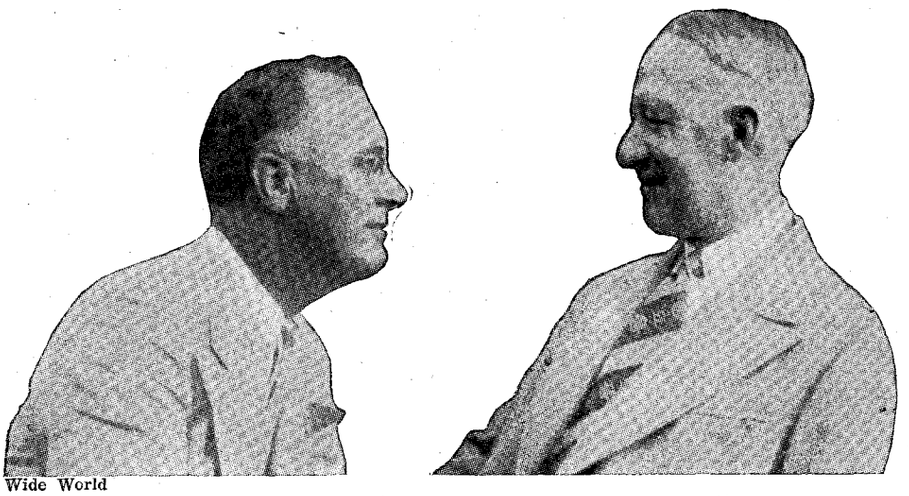
A NICE DISTINCTION IN SADDLES

As to the candidate, there is no question. With the Democratic convention less than a year off, no serious consideration is being given to a dry nominee. Roosevelt is wet. Governor Ritchie is wet. Newton D. Baker of Ohio is wet. Owen D. Young, while yet to define his views exactly, is by no means a dry. How different this is from 1928. Then, the question in the minds of party strategists was whether Al was too wet.

▶▶ *"Back to Methuselah"*

Occasionally one wonders why, in a world of partly rational inhabitants, the birth control movement should make such slow progress. Cease wondering for a moment and listen to the story of a famous Englishman:

He was born in 1856 and Moscow, at the present, is front page news merely because he is visiting there. July 26, his seventy-fifth birthday, found him



Wide World

RIVALS OR FRIENDS?
Governor Roosevelt and former Governor Smith of New York

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under the spotlight of two continents. In New York alone, for instance, the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* strove to outdo each other with an article analyzing him, the former engaging G. K. Chesterton as its analyst, the latter Cecil Roberts. All goes to show the hold this man has upon the world, this man who is the author of books and plays and *bon mots* without end. We speak, of course, of George Bernard Shaw, who on July 19, 1931, wrote a letter condemning vaccination, especially smallpox vaccination. It closes: "I have no doubt whatever that general infantile vaccination is an unscientific abomination and should be made a criminal practice."

That is the story of the famous Englishman. Admittedly, it only indirectly concerns the birth control movement. But if such ranting as this, reminiscent of New England of a century and more ago, can come from Shaw, George Bernard Shaw himself, how marvelous it is that the birth control movement can make any progress at all.

▶▶*New York Graft*

EVERY CITY has some such body as the New York Board of Standards and Appeals. It passes upon matters vital to the building industry; whether a certain safety appliance is adequate, whether pipes of a specific size can be used. Small attention is paid to its deliberations. At the moment, however, the Board of Standards and Appeals in New York City is in the public eye. It seems that one William F. Doyle, a horse doctor by profession, had been accustomed to appear before the board to argue on behalf of numerous clients. He had very persuasive ways; he was successful where others failed, and he was greatly in demand. This started in 1922, after Dr. Doyle had abandoned his veterinary business to take a city job in the Hylan administration. The boys of Tammany Hall watched him with admiration.

With the passing of the years, it was rumored that Dr. Doyle had collected some $2,000,000 in fees. He was recently questioned by Samuel Seabury, counsel for the legislative committee now investigating the city administration, regarding this total, and admitted that his retainers had been lucrative. He also admitted that he had "split" certain of these fees. But when he was asked whether some of the money might have found its way into the pockets of Tammany politicians—a not illogical explanation for his winning ways before the Board—Dr. Doyle declined to answer. Judge Seabury swore that he would force him to do so. A few among the "boys" may, or may not, have had uneasy moments. They soon breathed easier, however; the horse doctor would not squeal. He would not testify because he might incriminate himself by doing so, he said. The legislative committee's attorney pointed to immunity from prosecution granted by testifying. Dr. Doyle's attorney expressed doubt that this was valid. Motions for contempt followed. There were arguments and stays. Boss Curry of Tammany Hall, presumably interested in the welfare of the boys, refused to comment on reports that he had telephoned to the Adirondacks where one Appellate Division justice was staying. Then Doyle went to jail, for thirty days or until he decides to talk. The horse doctor's lawyer said that this might endanger his client's life; he had a bad heart. Additional court wrangling will follow. Does anybody care? No one was disturbed by the revelations over New York's tainted judiciary. The indignation was as mild as in the oil scandals.

▶▶*South American Disorders*

NOW IT IS THE FALL of the Chilean government, one of the few in South America which held up through 1930. On Tuesday, July 21, the eight-day old government of Premier Blanquier resigned, on Wednesday Francisco Garces Gana, president of Chile's Central Bank, became premier and on Thursday he resigned the office which was immediately filled by a warm friend of President Ibáñez. By the next day Santiago, the capital, wore the airs of revolution; there were street riots, requests that President Ibáñez himself resign, and

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 448.

It is easy to stand hard times, because that's the only thing you can do.—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER.

Irene Douglass, 1515 W. Broadway, Fort Worth, Texas, $5 prize.

Times are never hard for the man who uses his head.—G. A. GARVER.

Harry C. Weaver, 1004 Huntington Bank Building, Columbus, Ohio, $2 prize.

Three things men will have in good times or bad. Yes, four; to wit: Female beauty to inspire the mind, tobacco to soothe it, a little something to stimulate it and a few shares on margin to give it hope.—FLORENZ ZIEGFELD.

Hurley Hatton, 3024 Hudson Street, Baltimore, Md., $2 prize.

We are all meditating in the business world whether there will be any fittest when the survival comes—THOMAS L. CHADBOURNE.

Bertie L. Thompkins, Y. W. C. A., Atlantic City, N. J., $2 prize.

We must not forget that, financially and economically, there are two divisions in the world: Part One, the United States; Part Two, the Rest of the World. —WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD.

Harold W. Mosak, 3124 West 15 Street, Chicago, Ill., $2 prize.

More unhappiness of civilized folk is due to constipation than to any other cause.—WILLIAM MCDOUGALL.

Genevra M. Cook, 98 North Prospect Street, Burlington, Vt., $2 prize.

No one can question that the investigation of the oil scandals proved of incalculable benefit to public morals or that they served to bring out in high relief the innocence of those who had been unjustly accused.—GEORGE H. MOSES.

Isabel C. Weinstein, 517 E. 178 Street, New York City, $2 prize.

I'm sorry for my family, but I don't give a damn about myself.—ALBERT B. FALL.

Mrs. A. G. Kyle, 1721 E. Fifth Ave., Apt. 8, Knoxville, Tennessee, $2 prize.

The boils on the body politic swell, come to a head, finally burst, making bad messes but eventually providing relief. —EDWARD S. MARTIN.

Daniel W. Weber, 611 Wilson St., Salem, Ohio, $2 prize.

The gigolo, who after all is a hard-working citizen and who earns his money, deserves to have his position regularized.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

In human affairs there is always somehow a slight majority on the side of reason—DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

Henry C. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Florida, $2 prize.

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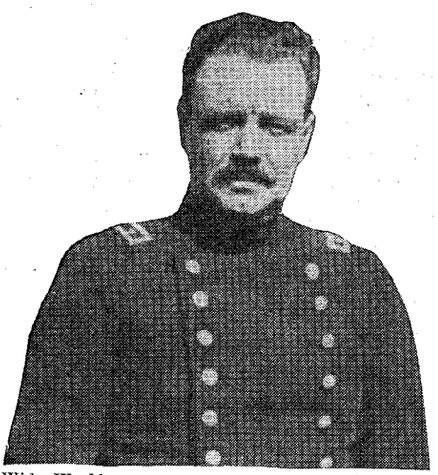
considerable anxiety as to how he or any one else could meet the nation's public debt without creating further dis-



Wide World

EXIT
Carlos Ibáñez, the resigned president of Chile

satisfaction and disorder. By Saturday things were in a worse shape, by Sunday Ibáñez was resigning, by Monday he was fleeing for his life.

Meanwhile all was not quiet in Argentina. A military mutiny there was suppressed by the provisional government, itself established last year by revolution. With President Uriburu declaring martial law over a wide area, suspending four newspapers at Buenos Aires and closing the headquarters of a political party, the movement against him is probably more formidable than indicated by the censored dispatches. The developments in Argentina and Chile, together with outbreaks in Cuba and muffled unrest in Venezuela, threaten to make this year in Latin America a repetition of the last. The governments in Peru, Bolivia, Argentina, Brazil, Guatemala and the Dominican Republic all fell in 1930 while those in Panama and Peru—again—followed suit in the first quarter of 1931.

All this is of concern to the United States. The Latin American nations are our customers; in these depressed times their trade is smaller, but none the less essential to our wellbeing. Laugh at them and call them "banana revolutions" as you may, the revolts in Latin America mean less trade for us.

▶▶*Lesson From Roumania*

THE FULL IMPORT of the regal marriage at Sinaia, Roumania, dawns but slowly upon the American people. They merely see that Princess Ileana, the last and, by reports, the most frequently engaged daughter of the Roumanian house of Hohenzollern, has been wed to Archduke Anton of Austria's exiled house of Hapsburg. They read of the sobbing as Princess Ileana bade farewell to her mother, Queen Marie, and recall that this was the charming girl who in 1926 came here on Queen Marie's testimonial tour. At this point the American people stop thinking of the wedding and start thinking again of their own depression.

What America needs, we offer, is a royal wedding, with its special trains, flowers strewn over the streets, handsome presents and big bills contracted with the couturières, milliners and beauticians. The official welcomes to Channel swimmers and surviving transatlantic fliers are well enough in their way, but they are limited largely to New York and no great sums are spent. Let there be a law. In the future when an Anne Morrow weds a Lindbergh let there be a vast celebration. Let the young man in the Department of State who has charge of Washington's etiquette attend to it. Perhaps the idea is fanciful, and business would not really be stimulated by such high-jinks. But it hasn't been helped much by radio addresses either.

▶▶*Abusing the Dole*

"UNEMPLOYMENT? Of course, there is a degree of unemployment. But its extent is greatly exaggerated. Look at the cars you see on the roads every Saturday and Sunday. It's getting more dangerous every day. If there are so many people out of jobs, how can they buy gas? Now, in my opinion, the man who really wants work can . . . ."

How familiar this sounds; at every dinner party there is one guest, usually a rather stout gentleman, who will thus hold forth. For months to come he will have additional ammunition in the dispatches from Bayonne, New Jersey, that women drawing unemployed relief funds had spent the money for permanent waves and radio sets. Director of Public Safety Brady revealed that from one-third to one-half of the families investigated were "in comfortable circumstances" and did not need relief. Brady, who had taken over the administration of relief funds following a Democratic victory in Bayonne, looked into the manner in which his predecessors had spent about $50,000 appropriated by the municipality. The facts, he said, "were astounding." Men and women receiving the dole have rented summer cottages. Women admitted that they used the funds for permanent waves, new furniture and for radios. Some of the supposedly indigent were property owners.

This is not important, in so far as the individual cases are concerned, although the City of Bayonne might consider prosecutions for taking money under false pretenses. It is vital, however, that such incidents shall not be used to prove that there is no suffering. Obviously, nothing is demonstrated except the probability that this particular fund was carelessly administered. There are hungry men and women. There are hungry children. There will, unless all signs fail, be more of them by winter. They must be fed and clothed and housed and much of the money will come from private subscriptions.

Work is under way by the National Association of Community Chests and Councils for a national drive for funds. Their campaign will be seriously handicapped if the idea spreads that funds will be wasted. It might be well for assurance to be given regarding the administration of the money. Meanwhile, what has become of that other ubiquitous dinner guest, the one who expressed his

NOW A HAPSBURG
Princess Ileana of Roumania, bride of Archduke Anton

contempt for Great Britain and her dole system? Thank God, he said, the United States was not like that.

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The French Speak Out

BOTH as a state paper and as a clear light upon the present complicated tangle in Europe, the French government's recent memorandum to Geneva seems to us one of the ablest documents in recent years. For its preparation and publication at this moment the French deserve the highest praise. For in any tangled situation the man who first speaks out plainly clearly deserves the thanks of all the rest. One cannot have something for nothing, is the essence of this complete French statement. Peace and prosperity depend upon security. Security can be based only on individual armament for defense, or mutual armament for punishing a possible aggressor. If you reduce or give up individual armaments you must have iron-clad agreements to punish aggressors. France has already reduced her armaments as far as present conditions warrant. If she is to reduce them further, she must be joined by partners who will agree to punish such possible aggressors. Who, then, will join her in guaranteeing the present *status quo* by agreements with sharp teeth in them?

SAYS THE MEMORANDUM, after recording the French reductions:

"It is plainly in the interest of every government to prevent a competition in armaments which would be contrary to the spirit of the pact for the renunciation of war, and to reduce the burden of armaments to the lowest possible point. Yet if many states still feel bound to sacrifice large sums of money for their national defense at the expense of their prosperity, it is certainly not without profound reasons."

FOR FRANCE, this reason, clearly, is a strong Germany of the future. Yet even this cannot be considered solely a French problem, as 1914 clearly proved and as the future may prove again.

"Now insecurity for one State means insecurity for all. The notion of neutrality in the presence of an aggressor, hard as it is to justify in theory since the coming into force of the League Covenant and of the Pact of Paris, is also inconsistent with that real interdependence which, in the modern epoch, binds States more and more closely together.

"One cannot deny, in the domain of politics, a solidarity daily promoted in the domain of economics. By reason of the danger threatening the weaker or more exposed states, the general reduction of armaments lays upon the stronger or less threatened powers fresh responsibilities which they cannot elude. The government of the republic are convinced of the necessity of a security guaranteed to every state by assistance which should be mutual, effective and prompt.

"Nothing short of such assistance will avail to reduce those differences between the geographical situation and circumstances of the several countries which constitute the chief obstacle in the way of a simultaneous reduction of armaments. By such assistance alone can the League of Nations be given sufficient strength, material and moral, to prevent the launching of an aggression."

IN BRIEF, asks France, who really means this peace business? Who wants to join the French in guaranteeing national security on the basis of the present world *status quo?*

THE ANSWER is likely to make Americans pause and think. Not the President Butlers, perhaps, who would put real teeth into the Kellogg Pact by means of the Capper agreement to boycott aggressors; nor the League of Nations advocates who still fight the battle of 1919, nor any of the proponents of world peace; but the great body of Americans who want peace and yet still distrust Europe, who want everything and yet are prepared to give nothing. Certainly there is no answer to be found as yet in any of our governmental statements of policy.

UNTIL PRESIDENT HOOVER moved for a moratorium, our contributions to the European tangle were confined to a denial that war debts had any connection with reparations, that disarmament had anything to do with political guarantees, that economic problems had any connection with political conditions. Since the moratorium, they have been confined to statements that now Europe can aid herself, that private bankers will solve all, that we will not discuss political conditions and that great reductions in armaments can be secured in Geneva in 1932. Yet the truth is that such statements are nonsense. It is time America woke up and learned to recognize them as such. It is time that America formulated what she wants and decided just what she will give in exchange for it.

JUST AS SURE as tomorrow's sun will rise, the entire Versailles Treaty must be revamped. Reparations and war debts must be scaled down, guarantees of some kind must be given in exchange for limitations of armaments and a joint agreement among nations reached. The moratorium and 90-day credit are only stop-gaps. These facts should be proclaimed from the housetops, and made part of American consciousness. Otherwise, America will be in the position of that most exasperating type of man—the man who isn't sure what he wants to do, can't be coaxed to make any practical statement of what he really thinks and yet who continuously complains about other people because somehow they do not fulfill his vague aspirations for him. A mixture of astuteness and pollyanna politics will never make it possible for America to make any constructive contribution to world peace. The need is to build up an informed public opinion which can decide what it wants and take the proper steps to secure it. Meanwhile, we commend the French statement to all editors, politicians and public-minded citizens who make a practice of being indignant at France.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE CANNOT but feel sorry for our well-meaning Secretary of State, Mr. Henry L. Stimson. The fifth choice for that post, the others being Elihu Root, Charles Evans Hughes, William Edgar Borah (after a fashion) and Julius Barnes—a name, by the way, that has never been mentioned publicly before or heard of in this connection until recently—he has exhibited a feverish faculty for making mistakes in spectacular style. The iconoclastic press gentlemen around the State Department have long called him "Wrong Horse Harry" because of his unerring ability to indorse the losing factions in recent South American revolutions, and now, I hear, they have dubbed him "Hot-foot Harry" because of the rashness with which he rushed through the mazes of the diplomatic dance at the London economic conference.

True to form, he apparently committed a terrific blunder with his denials that he had submitted the so-called "Hoover proposal" for solution of Germany's difficulties, and with his insistence that it was, in any event, of Anglo-American rather than Yankee origin. On this side of the water there was considerable chuckling and some official consternation at his determination to persuade the powers to extend aid to Germany rather than grab credit for Mr. Hoover.

At first, I am informed, the President was no more than amused over his minister's repudiation of reports that he was carrying an "American proposal" around in his brief case for presentation at the proper moment. "What in the deuce is the difference between a proposal and a plan?" asked Mr. Hoover of his advisers, I understand, when the Secretary's statement to correspondents at London was relayed to the White House. Then, as it became clear that Mr. Stimson had permitted Premier MacDonald to assume the leadership which the American President wanted so badly, Messrs. Hoover, Castle and Mills could scarcely conceal their resentment and disappointment. The newspaper articles which, upon the basis of their attitude, hinted at the prospective resignation or dismissal of Secretary Stimson accurately reported the official state of mind.

For once, however, the Secretary of State was in the right, and, as so often happens during delicate negotiations or efforts to solve a problem, the President and his humble hero-worshippers in the State and Treasury departments were shadow-boxing for headlines. While everybody here approves Mr. Hoover's international program of recent weeks, even though it represents a reversal of his previous policies and personal view-

Kirby in N. Y. World-Telegram

Coming out of the fog

point, there are few who do not condemn the Administration for its flagrant efforts to make political capital out of Europe's difficulties.

As I think I mentioned a few weeks ago, the presidential publicizing of the adventure in nation-saving began early. Although Messrs. Joslin and Mills quickly grasped at this opportunity to rehabilitate "the Chief," the worst and most frequent offender has been the able and attractive William R. Castle, Jr., Under Secretary of State. He did not, of course, do it without Mr. Hoover's approval. In fact, it was noticeable, and quite amusing for the crudeness with which it was accomplished, that every eulogy of the President by the Under Secretary followed a long conference between the two men at the White House. From the presidential office Mr. Castle stepped across the street to the State Department, and there the ballyhoo was staged.

When, for instance, it was suggested that the idea of a moratorium had come from Owen D. Young, a possible Democratic nominee for the presidency, Mr. Castle immediately scotched that one. With details which he could have obtained only from Mr. Hoover he gave the chronology of the Administration's study of the German situation, and, of course, the sole hero of the piece—in fact, the only character—was Mr. Hoover. While Mr. Stimson, for reasons he knew best, was drawing the British into a general movement to outflank the recalcitrant French, and denying that the so-called "proposal" was a Hoover scheme, Mr. Castle let down his immediate superior by handing to the press the plan itself. Rarely, I imagine, has there been such lack of coöperation between an Administration and its official representative abroad, or such willingness to endanger the success of a great international movement through playing domestic and partisan politics.

If Mr. Stimson was made to look a little ridiculous, it was not his fault. He simply demonstrated that a hero can lie as well as die for his country, and the Secretary of State was a valiant, if perspiring prevaricator.

Behind the scenes of this world-wide drama, as is true of so many great historical events, I suppose, was a clash of personalities. For the dramatist or the novelist there may be good material in the fact that Mr. Stimson and Mr. Castle have never been very friendly. The Secretary of State, I am informed, opposed elevation of the young Hoover hero-worshipper to the post of Under Secretary, but he was overridden by Mr. Hoover. So it may have been only natural that Mr. Castle, with a God-given opportunity, made no move to conceal his boss's supposed shortcomings at London. As if he were a movie star before the camera, he registered amazement and chagrin at each reading of a press report anent Mr. Stimson's strange course overseas. The Under Secretary was delightfully frank, more so than usual, and as a result the statesmen assembled at 10 Downing Street had to pore over dispatches from Washington to find out what they were doing—including, of course, "Hotfoot Harry."

A. F. C.

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All Quiet on the Rapidan

By JOHN S. GREGORY

HERBERT HOOVER believes passionately in his unquestioned right to what he calls his "private life." The fact he is thirtieth President of these United States, in his opinion, imposes no constitutional demand upon him to comport himself outside of office hours like a goldfish. He rebels bitterly, and tugs unceasingly, against the yoke of public curiosity which seeks to ferret out exactly what he had for breakfast, whether he has a pet name for Mrs. Hoover, and what he said to his little granddaughter the time she put the finger marks on the wall.

The public and its curiosity along these lines is represented, of course, by the reporters who cover the White House as a regular assignment, and who, amongst them, represent every daily newspaper in the country. And so, on this score, his resentment accrues to these gentlemen of the press.

In this aversion to what he apparently believes to be a group of professional "Peeping Toms," President Hoover stands far from alone in our abbreviated history. Of his more immediate predecessors, for instance, Woodrow Wilson and Warren G. Harding objected strenuously to what they seemed to consider tantamount to boudoir intrusions. Calvin Coolidge was an exception, but he had a set rule never to let anything appearing in print about him ruffle his temper, and publicly it never did.

Wilson railed even against the Secret Service operatives who followed him, disregarding the fact federal law so compelled them and that they would continue to protect his life in the face of any orders he might issue. Harding on more than one occasion undertook to lecture his unofficial bodyguard from the press for following him and reporting unfailingly certain of his more regular recreational activities—which, groundlessly, he appeared to fear would prejudice the more serious-thinking and church-going people against him. Golf and excursions aboard the old presidential yacht *Mayflower* came within the latter category.

President Hoover, however, evolved a system of his own. He sent his outdoor-loving secretary, Lawrence Richey, out into the wilds of the Blue Ridge Mountains with instructions to find a camp site which would be completely inaccessible to any but the particularly chosen few.

Richey scouted the mountain range south of Washington for several weeks in company with Horace Albright, Superintendent of National Parks, and came back with the answer to the "Chief's" prayer. How complete an answer even Richey probably didn't know. All this happened in the early spring a little over two years ago, just after Mr. Hoover had taken office.

Mr. Hoover dug into his private pocket and purchased 160 acres of land about 500 feet from the top of the peak which towered over the isolated little hamlet of Criglersville, Va., slightly more than 100 miles from Washington. A muddy trail corkscrewed tortuously up the mountainside until it reached 2,500 feet above sea level and the point of Richey's selection—a spot where Laurel and Mill Pond Creeks converge to form the headwaters of the Rapidan River.

Here, indeed, was isolation. The first time the President made a trip to inspect his newly acquired property he and Mrs. Hoover had to ride that last eight miles up the mountain on horseback. The reporters who had followed them to the base by automobile lacked both the horses and the invitation to follow. The mud and the breath-taking climb—to say nothing of the Secret Service—dissuaded those harboring a desire for a "scoop" from following on foot.

THE spot suited Mr. Hoover's purposes perfectly. Brook trout in the stream gave promise of many an entertaining afternoon at his favorite sport. The altitude and encompassing shade trees assured week-end relief from the summer heat. But most of all, that devious trail up the mountainside touched his fancy. This could be made a private thoroughfare, and the endless stream of time-wasting White House callers kept at a comfortable distance, to say nothing of those reporters. Again Mr. Hoover opened his personal purse and purchased the building materials necessary to erect a mountain retreat in keeping with the dignity of his office.

As Commander-in-Chief of the military establishment, he called upon the United States Marines, America's able jacks-of-all-trades, to drive the required nails and do the million other bits of manual labor that go into the building of a de luxe camp. Close behind them, the Army Engineer Corps was pressed into service to make the mountain trail a road over which limousines could climb in comfort. The Bureau of Fisheries stocked the Rapidan headwaters with choice trout so that even the rankest amateur among the presidential guests would be assured of a satisfying catch. The Navy furnished a chef and mess boys. Telephone linesmen strung wire and established a direct line between the Blue Ridge fastness and the White House.

"When a White House dog bites a Marine, is it news, or isn't it?"

In the spring of 1929 the camp was opened, and President Hoover became a week-end commuter between Washington and the Blue Ridge. From April to October he rarely misses spending Sunday on the Rapidan, leaving the capital either Friday or Saturday and returning usually on Monday morning.

When he first started these excursions to the Rapidan, Mr. Hoover possibly thought the newspaper men were not going to follow him. In fact, he issued orders they were not to do so. The press associations, however, had different views, for there is always that outside chance that some mishap or unusual experience might occur to the Executive while traveling at rather high speed over the open road. He has consistently refused the offer of a motorcycle escort, and there are no distinguishing marks on the little motorcade of cars to warn any approaching tourist to pull out or a driver going in the same direction that he must not pass them.

The White House reporters held conferences on the subject with the White House secretariat and the Secret Service, for the President was holding dearly to his stand for equal rights with any other citizen once the time clock had been punched at the end of a working day. The reasons which impel the press associations — representing amongst them all the daily papers of the country, and thus representing virtually all of the reading public—were

(Continued on Page 434)

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Christian Culture, R. F. D.

By ROLAND W. BAGGOTT
with PHILIP McKEE

THERE are those who say that the small-town traveling Chautauqua will soon be a thing of the past; yet I doubt if it is on its deathbed. No institution which flourished, in its heyday, in ten thousand American communities, and enlisted the hearty devotion of thirty-five million American citizens, is likely to expire overnight. It is alive today, alive as you read this. Its clean brown tents are rising in thousands of small towns from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Hundreds of thousands of season tickets have been sold. Rural America is enjoying its yearly educational and cultural feast.

The brown tent stands in a vacant lot just at the edge of town. A broiling sun beats upon it, and upon rows and rows of parked automobiles in the adjoining lot. The tent is packed. Farm folk, town folk, children and squalling babies. The heat is sweltering. Italian bands playing standard compositions free from the taint of jazz. Groups of players presenting chastely expurgated scenes from Shakespeare, or fumigated Broadway successes. The inspirational lecture, "Glad Thoughts for Glad Folks." A Great Religious Teacher's Message of Hope for All. Predigested education for old and young. Fun, but always *clean fun.* Christian culture, R. F. D.

For my sins, I too have played the brown tents in twenty states, from Michigan to Louisiana and from Washington to California. I, too, have felt my collar melting and flowing stickily toward my shoes, as I stood on the platform and delivered my message. Having spent a number of years on the bench of the juvenile court of a middle western city, and having administered from that exalted seat some measure of justice if not of law, I was invited to expound juvenile delinquencies, and their remedies, to the Chautauqua audiences. My subject the first summer was "Straightening the Bended Shoot"; in the six succeeding seasons of my Chautauqua career it took on other engaging forms. But my lecture itself varied comparatively little from first to last—a consistency which saved me much labor without doing my listeners any harm, since not many of them could have told what I had talked about, fifteen minutes after I had finished.

Yet I may be wrong about this. Perhaps they denied me their attention deliberately, since I was then some years younger than I am now. In fact, I entertained such a suspicion on one occasion. Two bucolic matrons were discussing our program as I approached the tent.

"This here jedge that's goin' t' speak this afternoon," said one of them, "I seen his pitcher in the window o' the bank, an' he looks t' me too young t' be much fer a jedge."

"Well," replied the other, "maybe he ain't so much fer a lecturer, neither."

The system employed by the Chautauquateers is one compounded of simplicity, effectiveness and the surety of profit so dear to the heart of the promoter. In the old days the country swarmed with the one-ring circus, the dog-and-pony show and the supposedly lascivious street carnival. These amusement enterprises were wont to enter a small town, grease the palm of the sheriff or justice of the peace, and proceed to put on their shows in the hope of harvesting whatever loose money could be induced to show up at the tent. If weather was bad and trade correspondingly dull, profits shrank or losses mounted.

In the peripatetic Chautauqua, however, there is no such uncertainty. The bureau knows it's going to get every last penny of its money long before the tent is set up or the talent makes its appearance. Months before the Chautauqua season opens, a glib uplift evangelist has paid a visit to the town, has preached powerfully on the text of community advancement and culture for all, has induced the leading storekeeper, the banker and others of the local moneyed *noblesse* to sign a contract which is in effect a cognovit note, has launched the sale of season tickets, and thus has assured the bureau of its full expenses and a reasonable profit in spite of rain, snow, hell or high water.

The contract, let us say, guarantees the bureau the sum of one thousand dollars. All that remains is for the local committee—headed by the parsons, who get their season tickets free—to get out in the intervening months and sell four hundred tickets at two dollars and a half each. If they succeed in this sales campaign, they are in the clear; if not, they dig down into their pockets at the end of the six-day Chautauqua program and make up the difference to the hawk-eyed representative of the bureau.

In my Chautauqua-trouping days, the bureau's full expenses for the six-day carnival of culture amounted to seven or eight hundred dollars for talent, manager, tent crew, advertising and other overhead expenses. It will be seen, therefore, that the thousand-dollar guaranty provided by the local worthies offered little hazard to the bureau, whatever it did to the guarantors. Furthermore, total receipts for the six days often ran to fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars, a very gratifying dish of gravy for the bureau. And there were odds and ends of extra profit, such as the sale of reserved seats at ten cents a performance to customers who had already paid two-fifty

"This here jedge that's goin' to speak this afternoon, I seen his pitcher in the window o' the bank and he looks t' me too young t' be much fer a jedge." "Well, maybe he ain't so much fer a lecturer neither"

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"The 'inspirational' lecturer could deliver a full load of sugar-coated idiocy"

for their season tickets. These too went to the bureau. All in all, the bureau, with fifty or sixty towns from which to reap its harvest in the eight- or ten-week season, was likely to do pretty well.

For the six-day program the bureau provided seven complete tents with their crews of tent boys, most of whom were college lads whiling away a summer vacation. A tent appeared in the first town, set up for business, and was ready for the performers on the first day's program. It remained in town, with its manager and crew, while the performers passed through it for six days on their pilgrimage of uplift and culture. Meanwhile, the other tents and their crews had been sent ahead to other towns. When the six days were completed in the first town, the tent was taken down and shipped ahead to the eighth town, where it was again set up. There was thus a constant rotation of tents and programs, which utilized every day of the talent's time and thus swelled the profits of the bureau.

THE *performers* presented a varied array. The Avon Players, a group of six, headed by a seventy-year-old veteran of the boards whose keen but unspoken disappointment was that his genius had never thrilled a Broadway audience. Younger players, learning the rudiments of their art in a hard school and hoping for a future of metropolitan triumph. Signor Vincente Allodi and his band, "their programs containing gems from operatic and classical works, their repertoire being practically unlimited." The Five Melody Maids—piano, violin, 'cello, cornet and drums, "charming girls in pretty costumes." Male quartettes, Hawaiian singers, magicians, cartoonists. Whole droves of lecturers.

These last, the lecturers, were the star performers, for they brought the Chautauqua's cargo of education, discussion of current problems, the *serious* meat of the programs. Music and drama were essentially frivolous. Indeed, to the older members of the audience, all music except hymns savored of the dance; and the drama, to these same minds, breathed however faintly the sulphurous breath of Satan himself.

The lectures, however, were safe and uplifting. Not one word in any of them departed at all from the fixed channels of orthodox thought and belief, as charted by the combined Baptist and Methodist clergy. There were lectures on travel in foreign lands, lectures on the wonders of modern science (with a religious avoidance of any scientific findings which might suggest the matter of evolution). There were discussions of

"Some were leather-lunged evangelists"

the problems of the day, though here too there was a careful skirting of the actual grounds of controversy in order to avoid arousing the animosities of any section of the audience. For the same reason open propaganda, even for the sacred rural cause of prohibition, was largely banned.

And above all, there was the "inspirational" lecturer, the man who could deliver a full load of sugar-coated and dripping sentimental idiocy. In most cases he was the best-received and hence the highest-salaried performer. Among his confreres, his oration was known as the "mother, home and heaven" lecture. For an hour and a half he alternately drained the wellsprings of bucolic tears and woke the echoes with roars of rustic laughter. And he invariably concluded—I can hear him now—with these touching words: "There is a little mother, my friends, whose head is bowed tonight in prayer beside her snowy bed . . . . And are *we*, my friends—*I* as well as *you*—are *we*, I ask, in all of our comings and goings, living according to those divine precepts which we were taught as tiny tots in those long-ago days when . . . . "

•

THERE has been real ability on the Chautauqua platform. Nine Presidents of the United States have graced it. In addition there have been Glenn Frank, Admiral Peary, Judge Landis, Jane Addams, Senator La Follette, Eugene Debs, Ida M. Tarbell, Irving S. Cobb and Opie Read. But there have been others, of infinitely less brains but of infinitely greater popularity. The greatest of them all, the Giant Intellect of all Chautauqua history, was the late William Jennings Bryan.

Bryan, more than any other Chautauqua lecturer, suited the audience down to the soles of its dusty shoes. His political philosophy suggested the advancement of the common people at the expense of the wealthy. He was the arch-fundamentalist who helped every rural bigot to gird up his loins against the onslaughts of the devil as manifested by the dissemination of scientific knowledge. He was a 100 per cent prohibitionist, and even the Chautauqua powers permitted him to bellow ceaselessly against the evils of the city-controlled and city-enjoyed liquor traffic—a bellowing which did much to crystallize rural determination to take away the city-dweller's rum with one hand while hoisting the hard-cider jug with the other. He was possessed of a magnificently profound ignorance on almost every subject except those with which the Chautauqua audience was already

(Continued on Page 446)

"Some lecturers were Congressmen whose oratorical powers had been developed in the calling of hogs"

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The Gadfly in the Senate

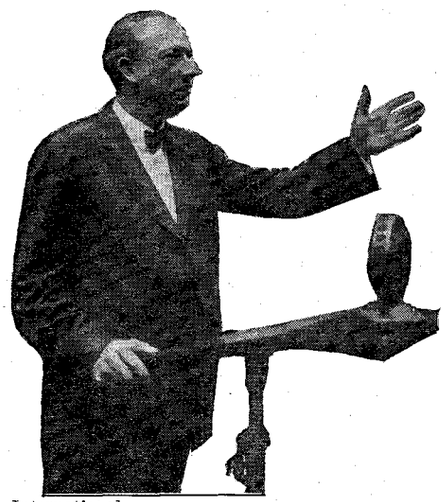
A Portrait of Pat Harrison of Mississippi

By LOUIS COCHRAN

SOME thirty-three years ago, when the Spanish War was progressing in an amateurish but highly satisfactory manner, the town of Crystal Springs, Mississippi, was each day awakened from its somnolence by a series of bloodcurdling yells so terrifying that even the hound dogs of the village would awake sluggishly from their twitching slumbers and betake themselves hurriedly to sheltering porches. Daily, as all Crystal Springs stood aghast, the peace of the countryside was shattered and southern chivalry stood by in abashed impotence.

The yells, however, were an old story to the natives of the little Mississippi village. All were well aware that these yells signified that all was yet well with the nation, and that the daily shipment of Memphis *Appeal-Avalanches* had been delivered into the vociferous custody of its agent, Byron Patton Harrison, and that Pat, to drum up a little more trade, was vocally killing the Spanish army by platoons and regiments.

Pat's pronunciation has improved materially in the thirty-odd years since the hectic days of the *Maine* and San Juan Hill, but his technique as senior Senator from Mississippi still retains many points of comparison with the enterprising days when he hallooed the Memphis newspaper through the streets of his native village. He is the official sniper and sharpshooter of the Democratic side of the Senate, and on behalf of the minority members of that inspired body he is constantly rising to his full six feet behind the desk that once belonged to Jefferson Davis and planting a verbal barbed dart or dum-dum bullet in the sensibilities of a Republican Senator, thrusting a keen harpoon into the Republican Party, or casting with unerring aim a wreath of poison ivy upon the Olympian brow of the Republican President and his associates in the Administration.



International

His chief joy in life is to jerk up Republican Senators by their Achilles heels and skin them alive. He is both an irritant and a delight to his political colleagues

If in glancing at a newspaper, and he devours countless numbers of them, he should by chance see anything unfavorable to the name Republican, he is usually moved to attract the attention of the Vice-President in a courtly and graceful manner, and to "view with alarm." Facts do not hamper him greatly, and he has no difficulty in finding Republican skeletons to rattle with his thunders.

"Pat Harrison, Democrat, of Gulfport, Mississippi, was born at Crystal Springs, Mississippi, August 29th, 1881," says the Congressional Directory. Although an earnest search of musty records reveals the startling fact that he was christened Byron Patton Harrison, the future Richelieu early chose to designate himself as one with the proletariat and with no tears whatever dropped the poet's name and shortened the other to a good Irish stubbiness. Not that Byron is not a good name. It is a name redolent of poetry and laurel leaves and crinolines and old lace; with mint juleps and old Scotch lined up invitingly on the sideboard. In the old romantic South, before the days of Sherman and the Freedmen's Bureau, it would have gone over big, but a name like Pat goes better in the South today, with its Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs and its assumed veneer of hard-boiled industrialism. It also goes better when attached to a southern Senator whose chief joy in life is to jerk up Republican Senators by their Achilles heels and skin them alive.

But Pat came right royally by his name for he came of mighty good stock, as the saying is in his native state. Originally of Virginia ancestry, than which there is no surer road to royal American lineage, he is of the same strain as William Henry and Benjamin Harrison. When William Henry Harrison went northwest from Virginia, to give rise eventually to the battle cry of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!", Benjamin Harrison went southwest. William

Keystone

The official sniper and sharpshooter of the Democratic side of the Senate

Harrison, who was himself President, was the grandfather of that Benjamin Harrison who became also a President. The Benjamin Harrison who went southwest and eventually settled in Mississippi was the paternal grandfather of Byron Patton Harrison, who became Senator.

His father, invalided by the Civil War, in which he served as a Confederate soldier, died early, leaving a wife and four children, and Pat at an early age began to earn most of the living for the family by selling newspapers. Between trains he used to drive a two-mule hack from Crystal Springs to the Chautauqua grounds and back for the not excessive fare of fifteen cents a passenger one way, or twenty-five cents the round trip. These two rabbit-eared mules earned many a dollar for the future Senator.

AS A BOY he was an eager listener to the flamboyant oratory which still features the political battles of his state, and early evincing the desire to follow in the footsteps of the mighty, cast about for some means of earning his way through college. A facility in hurling a baseball as pitcher for the Crystal Springs school gave him his cue and while yet in his early teens he turned this talent to good use and during the long summers played semi-professional baseball, a training which first brought him into broad contact with his future constituents, hardened his muscles, and provided him with a little more than expenses. A student later at the University of Mississippi, his fame as a hurler spread abroad with the result that the University of Louisiana realized its urgent need of his services. And Pat, no doubt convinced of the advantages of a varied education, departed for Baton

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Rouge where he was equipped with a job as waiter, which provided that he would eat, and with a baseball uniform, which insured his status as a university student.

When he was graduated from the University of Louisiana with his fraternity pin, his pet glove, and no visible means of support, he found a job as pitcher for the semi-professional baseball team of Pickens, Mississippi, which position he accepted with no misgivings as to its future prospects. From that to teaching in a country school, studying law at night (the open sesame to political preferment in the South) and national prominence were not steps too long or difficult for this scion of the Harrisons of Virginia. Admitted to the bar, he straightway ran for district attorney and was elected at the tender age of twenty-three. Six years later he resigned to accept the Democratic nomination and election to the sixty-fifth Congress, where he remained until he defeated the supposedly invincible Senator James K. Vardaman, one of the coterie referred to by President Wilson as the "Wilful Twelve," and in a campaign which scorched Mississippi from the balmy Gulf coast to the red beeswax hills of the Tennessee line was handily elected Senator at the youthful age of thirty-seven. He was reëlected in 1924 and in 1930 was one of the two Democratic Senators who had no opposition in the primaries.

Not that Pat always pleases his constituents. They view him sometimes with a tinge of that "amaze-munt" with which he views Republicans, and with a great deal more than that tinge of affection with which he is said to tolerate the gentlemen across the aisle. Coming from the first state to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment, and being one of the most vociferous of its adherents, he has yet to say anything startling about prohibition one way or the other. Astute politician that he is, he might easily follow the sure road to political success which is thronged by the mugwumps and demagogues of his state, but he is enough of an Olympian to ignore it. He has never come out against the Pope, the Wets, the evolution theory, which the Mississippi legislature solemnly outlawed during the Whitfield administration, or the "nigger peril." He may have his leanings, but his constituents know them not. He never says anything about the more or less Volstead condition of the country which would lead anybody to expect him to assume a leadership in the solution of the present dilemma or which would stamp him as a Wet; neither does he cultivate the W. C. T. U. by making dry gestures all the time. Certain of his following would be better pleased if he would bellow at the Pope occasionally, and tweak the bulbous nose of the brewers, but Pat refrains.

International

A Democratic D'Artagnan ("gadfly," the Republicans call him), forever flashing the rapier of his wit into the sensitive portions of the inept and blundering majority

In 1928 Pat considered the nomination of Al Smith the best choice the Democratic Party could make, and while some of the weaker political gentry of his state crept shivering to the tall timber he boldly took the stump for the nominee while the not inconsiderable bigots of his state rent the high heavens with threats of vengeance. As a matter of fact, the stars fell not, nor the rains ceased, and with the election over and Mississippi still "safe for Democracy," the Honorable Pat graciously played a round or so of golf with the defeated Democratic nominee at Gulfport, and even entertained this henchman of the Pope as his guest. A man of less stature would have been frightened out of his skin, but the cheerful Pat went his own way and the Hooverites must have voted for his reëlection as he was chosen without opposition for another six-year term in 1930, and will take the seat of the Al-Smith-bolting, and now defeated, Senator Furnifold Simmons of North Carolina, as the ranking Democrat on the powerful Senate Finance committee. If his party obtains control of the upper branch during the next session of Congress he will become chairman of the most powerful committee in the Senate.

Since June 10, 1911, when Pat Harrison made his maiden speech in the House of Representatives in a characteristic reply to Representative Crumpacker of Pennsylvania on a population question, he has been both an irritant and delight to his colleagues. He is quick on his feet, ready in repartee, clever in debate. He is, moreover, a good congressional politician. He knows his

International

Pat's way is the honeyed way—the broad highway banked with flowers; the primrose path of delight and sweetened hemlock

Senate. He has a great many contacts on both sides the chamber, understands how the senatorial mind works, and can make a pretty accurate guess at just what tactics will work and what tactics will not. He seems to have no particular pride of opinion; makes no enemies, even with his satire, and realizes the importance of committee work, on which all effectiveness in the Senate depends.

When the Democrats were stunned by their crushing defeat in the last Presidential election, Pat seemed the only one who was undismayed. With jaunty sarcasm he attacked the Republicans at every point and at their mellow discomfiture some of the color began gradually to flow again in Democratic cheeks and hope took an upward swing. He is the Jeb Stuart of Democracy, attacking always and scoring always, and he served his party well after the Al Smith debacle. He gave courage to his fellows and helped reorganize the quivering remnants of his party, and breathe into it new life and vigor. As a debater he knows he has few equals, certainly not on the Republican side, and no superiors in the Senate, and few are the days when he does not make some portly Republican twitch restlessly in his seat. He is the Democratic D'Artagnan ("gadfly," the Republicans call him), forever flashing the rapier of his wit into the sensitive portions of the inept and blundering majority; but yet always willing enough to subordinate partisan politics when occasion arises. The Republicans speak of him affectionately whenever he allows them the opportunity, and laugh heartily at the jokes he always spills in jocund generosity after his chastisement of some unlucky stray member of the blundering herd.

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Pat Harrison, for all his jibes, believes in the balm of Gilead, and is a born compromiser of differences among men. Even when the Republicans are writhing as he neatly severs the hide from their backs, he is the embodiment of courtesy. Not for him the javelin thrusts of his colleague Caraway of Arkansas; the vitriolic dagger thrusts of his Heidelberg predecessor, John Sharp Williams, nor the bludgeon of Robinson, the minority leader. Pat's way is the honeyed way; the broad highway banked with flowers; the primrose path of delight and sweetened hemlock. As the Boston *Herald* once stated in admiring resignation: "If we must die under the blows of speech, let Pat Harrison be the executioner!"

Few professional orators have the ability to make detraction ornamental. Too frequently they vulgarize the art of criticism and offend impartial listeners by coarse and ill-tempered abuse. Not so Pat Harrison. When he flays the Republican elephant he wields his scalpel so gracefully that he elicits roars of applause even from his squirming victim. His vitriol is aromatic, his deep voiced denunciations are like the lilting roll of thunder in magic mountains . . . .

"Hark! 'Tis an elfin storm from fairyland,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed!"

This does not mean that he cannot be effective, or that he is but the jester who relieves the tedium of the weighty deliberations of the upper chamber. Many a lightly worded speech or oratorical sally has changed votes. A single speech of his changed the course of the sugar tariff fight when in the closing hours of that bitter struggle the Honorable Pat, having lined up all the Democratic Senators except four against higher sugar rates, addressed the regular Republicans up for reëlection in 1930. If they voted, he told them, for the proposed enormous sugar taxes on the people of their states ($14,175,000 a year in Massachusetts; $2,985,000 in West Virginia; $585,000 in New Hampshire; $1,650,000 in Rhode Island, and $4,420,000 in Kentucky) what could be expected in the fall elections to fill the seats of Senators Gillette, Goff, Metcalf, Keyes and Robinson?

"Go on and vote for the higher tariff," he roared at them. "Commit suicide if you want to! I'm only giving you fair warning!"

But the Senators, being only human after all, did not want to commit suicide and the votes of these men, theretofore counted safe for sugar by Smoot, the sugar leader, were duly cast against an increase in the sugar duties.

If not argument on the highest plane, it is nevertheless as godlike an argument as is generally heard on Capitol Hill, and it is certainly unanswerable and matchless in these modern times. It was, furthermore, a wholly fair and righteous action by Harrison. The nub of the sugar problem was clearly defined and the lines were distinctly drawn so that the voters back home could clearly understand, and the Janus-like opposition immediately faced about. It was as effective leadership of the Democratic minority as has been displayed in a long time.

This drawling southern humorist, whom the Republican Senate fought vainly not to take seriously, has been brought more prominently than ever to the front by the coalition between the western progressives and the southern Democrats. Republican Washington hitherto described him as the playboy of the Senate, a humorous fellow whom no one took seriously, but who was useful in driving away the tedium of the cares of state with his good-humored ragging of his betters. Consciously, they always underrated the man. He has always been an industrious worker on committees, where the most effective work is always done, and is a shrewd manipulator of votes on the Democratic side. He knows his Senate, and his shrewdness and amiability enable him to smooth out differences that naturally arise when groups that have so little in common as the southern Democrats and western progressives try to coöperate. More than any one else on the Democratic side, he has made the coalition possible. Assuming responsibility, like La Follette, he has grown in stature and, like the Wisconsin Senator, has the capacity of keeping his feet on the ground.

In addition to his position as ranking Democratic member on the Finance committee, he is ranking minority member on the important Rules committee, and is near the top in the not inconsequential Foreign Relations committee, besides being a member of the Steering committee of the Senate. He was the keynoter at the Democratic National Nightmare in 1924, and is now being mentioned as timber for the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination in the next campaign. Nor should it be forgotten that it was Pat Harrison who in 1921 forced a three per cent immigration law on the Senate when the Senate Immigration committee wanted a five per cent law, and when the three per cent law is supplanted by a stricter one the Honorable Pat probably will be pushing it. This record alone is one that almost any southern patriot would be glad to have carved on the bark of his family tree; not to speak of more recent and possibly less enduring triumphs, such as his successful filibuster to the 1931 reapportionment bill, which will undoubtedly reappear for further consideration during the next session of Congress.

Occupying in the Senate chamber the same desk behind which sat the President of the Confederate States in the happier days before that title was acquired, the office of Senator Harrison also is in keeping with the sentiments of the man. Hanging upon the walls, except in a few instances, may be seen large portraits of Mississippi Senators who acquired more or less distinction in their day. Immediately back of his chair are two framed letters which the Senator prizes deeply. "This one," he tells you, "is from President Harding; this one from President Wilson." The letter from the War President was a protest against his contemplated resignation from the House of Representatives to join the army, and ends with the request that he retain his position in public service because "I do not feel that we have the right to weaken one branch of the government to strengthen another."

Harding's letter carries the characteristic human touch of that unfortunate President and was written to thank Harrison for a friendly article which had appeared over the Senator's signature in a New Orleans newspaper on the occasion of the visit of the Presi-

(Continued on Page 445)

This Week's Contributors

Louis Cochran is a lawyer of Jackson, Mississippi, whose avocation is writing. His first novel will be published soon.

Creighton Peet is the OUTLOOK'S moving picture reviewer and a former newspaper man turned author of magazine articles.

R. W. Baggott is a lawyer and former juvenile court judge in a western city. His collaborator, Philip McKee, is a well-known magazine writer, also a former newspaper man.

John S. Gregory, well known to OUTLOOK readers for his skilful treatment of political subjects, has had wide experience in newspaper and magazine work.

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What More Do Women Want?

By CREIGHTON PEET

IF, as Emily Newell Blair reports in a recent issue of the OUTLOOK, our feminists are "discouraged," I shudder to think what we have in store for us should they ever "succeed" and become actually triumphant about it.

I cannot agree with Mrs. Blair that there is no institution in this modern American world "which bears the imprint of women," and that they "seldom rise to responsibility and power." It is true that there has never been a woman president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, or a lady captain of a big transatlantic liner—and it is also true that they are unjustly discriminated against in the matter of salary. But their "power" and "influence" are limitless. Who wants to run a silly old steel corporation when you can influence the emotional, intellectual and artistic life of a nation? Never before in the history of the world has the feminine or female point of view so strongly impressed itself on the life of any community as it has on the United States today.

As a trifling male, I find myself surrounded from morning to night with books, magazines, movies, plays, department stores, advertisements, motor cars, house furnishings and (unless I wisely escape to a man's club) with extraordinary and blasphemous food combinations, all of which are devised and concocted especially for the feminine fancy. Never before have the arts—from symphony orchestras supervised by idle ladies, to cheap popular magazines telling them how to hold a husband with one hand and make a lovely marshmallow and tomato salad with French dressing with the other—been so woman-ridden. Never before has the male point of view been so conspicuously unimportant. Nobody cares what music or books or magazines or movies or food or decorations men prefer. And as for drinks! Ah, gentlemen, a toast to the sex which invented the gin-and-chocolate-malted milk mixture, and first thought of making beer nicer by adding ice cream! A toast, I say, and drink it down—if you can!

It is true that the men of America, as a group, have very little interest in symphony music, opera, books, plays, art exhibitions or any other civilized manifestations. They no longer take part in them, or patronize them. The ladies, being just as competitive as the rest of us, keep their husbands at work earning enough to pay off the installments on newer and bigger radios and automobiles—while *they* spend the money.

Frankly, I think the men have been fools, not because they allowed the women to become equal to them in influence, but because they allowed them to become so vastly more powerful than themselves. The aspects of American life which are completely feminized are the most vital. Business, after all, is business, and goes through its ups and downs without anything more than temporary effects on the community. The literature (or lack of it) and amusements influence the whole character of a community.

But let us begin at the beginning. The American home, or what is left of it, is decidedly feminine in character and appearance. Everywhere can be sensed the invisible hand of the household editors of the women's magazines. I realize that in some cases these editors are men, but their appeal is entirely to women. In such instances they function merely as mechanics, interpreting and reflecting women's tastes and interests. Certainly the average American household is more feminine than the dusty, junky, red-plush-fringe days of our grandfathers. For all our factory-made life, there always seem to be little things around a house to be arranged—small individual adjustments, decorations and fixings. Somehow even these seem to have become feminine, and frequently this is all right.

PASSING from the home in general, we come to the library table loaded down with great masses of printed matter known generally as "women's magazines." How much women themselves have to do with their manufacture is beside the point. The fact is that they are contrived and compounded particularly for the female population. The stories and articles are adjusted to the feminine viewpoint. A friend of mine writing for one of the most powerful of these journals had his story returned with the suggestion that if he reversed his male and female characters—giving all the adventures, risks and exploits to the lady and making the gentleman merely a clothing dummy in the background—it could be used.

And it was, after he had made the proper adjustments. Even back in college, some years ago, I remember that the class was warned by a lecturer that fiction intended for women's magazines must be carefully planned to avoid any shocks or jolts, as a goodly proportion

of the readers of such magazines were mothers or about to be mothers and could not stand anything violent. I have no desire to go about shocking delicate women; I merely want to point out that it is impossible to say that women have no influence in the American community.

Suppose we go out for supper to a tea shoppe run by the neighborhood's lady poor-relation who must make her own way. The place is usually cleaner than the ordinary smallish restaurant, which is a good deal to be thankful for—but the dear lady who runs the place has a terrible tendency to put sugar in her vegetables, sugar in the soup and sugar on the meats, not just a little, but enough to ruin them. The whole scheme of the place, from the "art" decorations leering out of every nook and cranny, to its spectacular salads designed with an eye to tasty color combinations, and its seductively rich desserts, is designed to appeal to the feminine fancy.

Now suppose we walk out to a movie, or a play, if we live where they have plays. All about us we see gigantic sign boards plastered with the words "sin," "love," "marriage," "secret," "past," and "woman." Now let me call your attention to the fact that these entertainments, although manufactured by men, are produced entirely with the idea of pleasing the feminine portion of the population. Movies and plays yapping about "sin" and "sex" are not calculated to appeal to the proverbially pornographic male, but to the modern miss who wants to find out how to have safe fun followed by Grade-A matrimony.

Look back a hundred and fifty years in the history of English literature and drama, and you will discover that while just as many characters were married as today, dramatists found other sources of interest than the question, "Whom shall I marry?" It's an interesting ques-

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tion, I grant you, but it becomes a little monotonous day in and day out. No doubt it is fair enough, however. Women bulk large in modern American intellectual life; they make up our audiences and read our books; and undoubtedly their interests deserve attention. I am merely trying to demonstrate that women *do* have an effect on our cultural life, from Eugene O'Neill's Nina Leeds who moaned about her sex life for five hours at a stretch in his *Strange Interlude,* clear down to Norma Shearer in her *Free Soul.* Turning to the recent stage productions we have Philip Barry's *Tomorrow and Tomorrow,* and Katharine Cornell's production of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* showing how love came to the life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In every case the subject is a woman, and she simply can't get her mind off her sex life, or her romance, depending on the period and genre of the piece.

Now to get to the business of buying and selling. Since women have charge of spending most of our money, our billboards, advertisements, department stores and the wrappers in which things are enclosed are designed especially to appeal to the ladies. Motor cars are sold on their upholstery, their finishings and their streamline effects—and some of them are about as handsome as anything our modern mechanical world has produced. Although I find myself snubbed and ignored in department stores—salesgirls work on the principle that men are a little stupid, don't know what they want, and haven't any money to spend anyway—I must admit that some of our big stores are not only handsome but extremely efficient and marvelously well run, and this has been due to the women whom the store managers are trying to please and attract.

And finally, Mrs. Blair, you say that the young women just out of college, used to seeing women working, are now no longer fooled by appearances of equality, but are going to demand the genuine thing. Perhaps. But I think that the first reaction of the girl who grows up with the idea of going to work as soon as she is out of school occurs when one of her schoolmates makes a good marriage to some nice young man with an adequate income. The young lady's reaction is this: "Say, *that's* a wonderful racket! Why didn't somebody tell me about this before! Work all day in a stuffy office! Ride home in the subway!" With which she plucks herself off a convenient young man.

In some ways the Nineteenth Amendment is as futile in accomplishing its aims as is the Eighteenth. Perhaps we ought to stop amending the Constitution.

All Quiet on the Rapidan

(Continued from Page 427)

enumerated to his aides. It was pointed out that the highway was public and even the President could not say who should or should not travel on it.

Finally, Mr. Hoover agreed not to force the issue, though he might have done so had he issued certain orders to the Secret Service. He would consent to be followed, but not past the boundary line of his private property—and meantime he had leased a large number of acres surrounding his holdings, which apparently include a portion of the road the engineers built up the steep mountainside.

Each week, therefore, his unwanted and unwelcome observers fall in at the tail of the procession and follow him and his party out of Washington over the Lee Highway to Criglersville. But there the immediate surveillance ends, for up that road, and below the Hoover camp, is the camp housing 175 Marines and eight officers who remain to assist the Secret Service over the week-ends in the trojan task of policing a mountain, and during the week to contrive such additions and improvements to the Rapidan retreat as may occur to the President and his family. No use to follow further. The guard would turn one back.

So the reporters continue on to the nearest point affording adequate telephone and telegraph service—unfortunately about 35 miles as the roads wind —and dig in to undertake a little long-distance reporting of what might be going on at camp. This arrangement suited President Hoover perfectly. At last he was getting a little freedom. He returned week after week with clock-like precision, bringing with him only a handful of guests whom he selected personally.

The reporters did their best from long range, and soon the Rapidan, insignificant mountain creek that it was, became well known all over the country. Their facts were limited to what little they could beg by long distance telephone from a secretary at camp but they padded them out as best they could. Finally, even the name Rapidan became known all over the world, for it was there the President took Premier Ramsay MacDonald in the fall of 1929 to reach an accord on naval armaments between the United States and Great Britain.

Out of Camp Rapidan that first year came a succession of fish stories. The legal trout limit in Virginia is twenty, and each day the telephoning reporters would be advised "the Chief caught the limit." That is, unless it was Sunday, for there is no official record Mr. Hoover ever turned to the stream with rod and reel on a Sabbath. On that day, every one "is resting." To relieve the monotony of reporting naught but records of Mr. Hoover's piscatorial ability, the men of the press occasionally were told about dam-building parties wherein the President routed out his male guests without regard for their lack of desire for manual labor and set them to work making fishing pools in the stream bed with rocks wrested from the bottom.

To be sure, in those early days, there was one story known as "human interest," so dearly loved by the reporters, which "broke" from camp. Mr. Hoover came back one Monday morning with a black eye. Under ordinary circumstances, the fact that a tree limb had switched him violently in the face probably never would have been told to the reading public, but on Tuesday he had to face about a hundred newspaper men at his semi-weekly press conference and the eye unquestionably was very, very black. So the manner of its acquisition was explained.

Then came the first real "human interest" story of the Hoover administration. It was developed by a press association representative who makes the weekly rides, and concerned the visit to camp of Ray Burraker, the young mountaineer whose family lives above the President's retreat. Ray rode into camp one Sunday afternoon bringing a possum under his arm as a gift for Mr. Hoover. Colonel Lindbergh and his wife were camp guests that week-end, and in the course of the naïve youngster's unabashed conversation with the distinguished assembly it developed Ray didn't know who the famous flier was, asking him, in fact, if he could fly an airplane. He further confided that his father had supported Al Smith rather ardently, and gave voice to a number of other whimsicalities which were seized by an eager press and made into a whopping good story.

Overnight, the Burraker family became famous. George Akerson, who was then Secretary to the President, and

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who was always alert to build up the "Chief" as a "human being," saw the possibilities of the story. It had been developed in questioning young Ray that there were about twenty or thirty boys and girls on Mr. Hoover's mountain who never had had the advantages of schooling. An announcement was forthcoming that the President had contributed $1,200 of his private funds to build a schoolhouse, had called in the elders of the mountain community and formed them into a sort of board of education and had arranged to have a teacher engaged.

THE Burrakers kept the gentlemen of the press busy that summer. The President continued to enjoy the privacy of his camp.

Finally, and bringing the narrative up to the current summer, Mr. Hoover—or perhaps his new secretary, Theodore G. Joslin—realized to an extent that Camp Rapidan might have its publicity uses after all. With the fiscal year nearing a close and the Treasury anticipating a deficit nearing the billion-dollar mark, the White House announced a series of week-end "economy conferences" at the camp. The various departmental heads in turn were to be taken up to the peace and quiet of the fishing stream to ponder over ways and means of paring their budgets.

With a great fanfare, Secretary of War Hurley and the General Staff chiefs headed the procession. That week there was no difficulty in getting "the story" out of camp. A long statement of what took place at the conference under the trees was telephoned to the waiting reporters—a statement which was indefinite, to be sure, as to exact figures and methods of effecting the predicted further economies, but still the first attempt at an official recital of goings-on up the road beyond the Marine encampment.

It is worthy of note that Mrs. Walter Newton, wife of another of the presidential secretaries, while horseback riding with Mrs. Hoover, was pitched headlong from her horse into the Rapidan, receiving no injuries but being forced to trek back to camp in a drenched riding habit. No report was made of this incident when it occurred and only recently did it belatedly find its way into print.

Following week-ends saw the heads of the Interior, Post Office and Navy Departments in conference at the Rapidan, each trip being followed by statements of additional economies worked out, although figures and details were rather hazy. But world events moved on. The fiscal year ended with a $900,000,000 deficit, and President Hoover became conscious of the need of doing something drastic to save Germany and the Central Powers from complete financial demoralization. The economy conferences were abandoned and the Executive began evolving his proposal for a one-year moratorium on debt payments and reparations, carrying his advisors to the Rapidan with him over the more crucial week-ends of the negotiations. Apparently, the remaining government departments are to do what they can about balancing their budgets at home.

It was shortly before these weighty international deliberations that Mrs. Hoover's Irish wolf hound had the ill grace to bite one of the Marines at camp. From what the White House calls "unauthorized sources," the incident became the property of the reporters. Its publication is said to have annoyed the First Lady because it meant getting rid of the vicious animal. One reporter got a laugh by saying it was rumored, probably unauthentically, that the Executive had petted the dog and said: "Now go bite General Butler."

The President thought again of his right to privacy and expressed the opinion to the men in the White House press room that there should be a limit to trivialities. At the same time he said the press certainly had been ravenous about Bryan Untiedt, the boy hero of the Colorado blizzard school bus tragedy, who had been invited to Washington for a visit with the Hoovers. He took the position that this visit had been arranged, not as a publicity stunt for the Administration, but as a reward for young Bryan.

And so the matter coasted, with Mr. Hoover and the reporters holding diametrically opposite views as to what constituted news, until that fateful Sunday when the President left Camp Rapidan so hurriedly for Washington to wind up the moratorium negotiations with France that he caught the Secret Service men off balance and caused those who had been off duty resting from their labors to rush into their car still buttoning their shirts.

On the following day the New York *Times* carried a front page box relating the unadorned details of this sudden dash, including the fact that a fast car caught up with the party far down the road to toss in a basket lunch for the President, who had not waited for dinner, and the additional fact that the 100-mile trip was made in two hours and forty minutes.

For some reason the President decided this was the final straw. He was tired of seeing things in print which he had not authorized and an investigation was ordered to determine the source of that and other stories. The Secret Service detail, charged with the protection of him and his family, apparently was suspected. Chief William H. Moran was called in by Secretary Lawrence Richey and ordered to get to the bottom of things. One by one, each of the White House Secret Service men—most of whom have served faithfully since the Wilson and Harding administrations without untoward incident—was called on the carpet. They could only say that they had not given out the offensive story. They didn't know that an alert and observant gasoline station attendant along the road had told the reporters of the speedy passage of the presidential entourage with the lunch flying up from the rear. The time of the run between camp and Washington was a mere matter of knowledge of distances, the time the cars dashed by the filling station and a little elementary arithmetic.

HERE the tug-of-war rests for the moment. By the time of this publication there may have been sweeping changes in White House personnel. Perhaps the President plans to clean out his present Secret Service detail. The news writers can only continue as before, reporting at long range what might be going on in the mysterious fastness of the Rapidan. Perhaps even with a brand new Secret Service detail the public from time to time would read an "unauthorized" story containing elements of human interest.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of August 1, 1951

Referring to transatlantic sailboat racing, the boxing and wrestling editor of the *Evening Whoop* of Metroburg remarked in his Monday column, "How can you give the name sport to an occupation that leads scores of men to risk their lives and property without hope of either cashable publicity or cash!"

The Interstate Casket Corporation announced last week the purchase of 51 per cent of the common stock of the Gyroscopic Aluminum Casket Company.

The International Peace Foundation will build and maintain at the Hague a conference-hall-apartment-hotel for the exclusive use of delegates to the quarterly international conferences on German debts.

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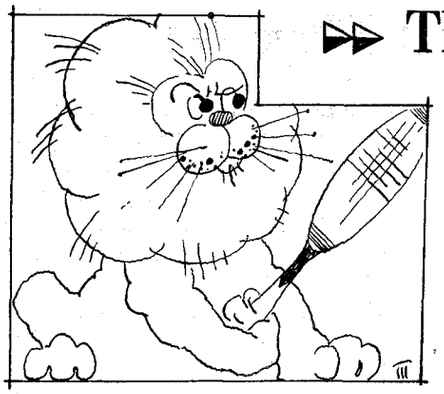
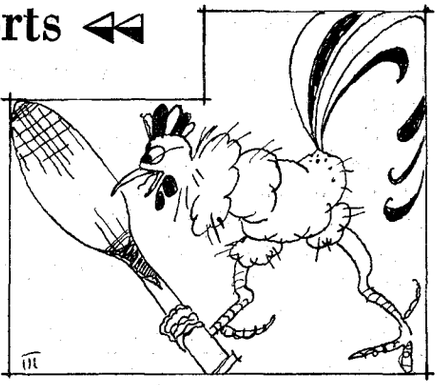
The Spotlight on Sports





France Keeps the Cup

FIVE in a row for France! Once again the two "surviving" members of the three musketeers have successfully defended the Davis Cup. In repulsing England's unexpected challenge by the narrow margin of three matches to two while rain spattered Auteuil's pink court, the French defenders didn't seem quite as impressive as of old.

On careful analysis this French victory, if not a Pyrrhic one, appears to portend disaster in the near future. Jean Borotra is obviously feeling his years. Were he a baseliner of the crafty Lacoste type, economical of energy, Borotra might laugh at the plodding black oxen. But Jean is a net-stormer by instinct and training. His rip-tearing, devil-may-care style puts a premium on speed and stamina; fractions of a second count. He cannot conserve reserve power without losing effectiveness. He is old for the "out cutlasses and board" style of close-quarter combat.

Borotra's defeats at the hands of Perry and Austin suggest that America might have lifted the cup had Sidney Wood scored one point against the English. It is a rather ironic thought, yet it persists. British weakness at doubles cost them the key match in the challenge round. Kingsley and Hughes, a pick-up combination, aren't in the same class with Van Ryn and Lott, yet Cochet and Brugnon had no joy ride. Despite twinges of sciatica, Cochet brought off those subtle thrusts to unguarded spots at the psychological moment which turned back the gritty bid of England's improvised doubles pair. The English led 4-1 in the crucial fourth set, with Brugnon weakening fast, when Cochet's fluent wrist and uncanny eye collaborated to deliver ungetable ripostes.

"Toto" Brugnon did his bit by unleashing a serve so mystifying in pace and direction that in his final five service games Hughes and Kingsley won only two points! Still it was Cochet who saved the cup by winning both singles matches and clinching the doubles decision when his curly-haired partner showed signs of collapse under the concentrated British fire. Though crippled, Cochet retains the stamp of genius, possesses that eerie knack of quickening his game under pressure. It is generally believed that this match was his farewell to Davis Cup arms. Professional promoters have raised the ante so high that Henri would be more than human if he refused to meet his old rival, Bill Tilden, for a fat percentage of the gate.

With Cochet likely to turn "pro," with Borotra aging, and with Lacoste apparently out of competitive tennis for all time, it looks as though the Davis Cup would return to Anglo-Saxon keeping. René Lacoste will reject medical advice if he again dons flannels "in anger."

Doherty's Successor

BRITISH tennis critics of the Edwardian generation, watching the effortless stream of drives flow from Bunny Austin's racket face on either wing, are reminded of Hugh Lawrence Doherty. Like the reverently remembered "Little Do," Austin is a stylist of the classic baseline school. Like Doherty, he goes to the net sparingly, and then only to deliver the *coup de grace* after outmanœuvring his rival from deep court. His is the art that conceals art, the fluent touch that makes a difficult game seem ridiculously easy.

In build and facial contours, Austin suggests the younger Doherty. Bunny has Little Do's grasp of strategy, his fencing-master deftness at ferreting out an adversary's weak spots.

Austin's Achilles heel is lack of stamina. He is apt to wilt in a five-set match. Frank Shields beat him at Wimbledon by prolonging the issue, but in the Davis Interzone finals the tall American wasn't able to capitalize on Bunny's tendency to tire. Shields's forcing shots were overstepping the lines that day. Austin staked everything on a straight set decision.

Against Henri Cochet, "the great anticipator," Austin romped through the first set and led 4-1 in the second. At that point the prismatic Lyonnaise forgot about favoring his rheumatic shoulder and began to pull off those breathtaking half volleys and masked direction drives, hit "on the rise," which turn a defensive position into an attacking rôle. His intuition is astounding. Had Austin been able to run out that second set he might have won, though the cat-like Cochet has no peer at salvaging a match after being two sets down, but once in the saddle the light-fingered Frenchman pressed his initiative relentlessly.

"The Little Napoleon"

JOHN MCGRAW, for thirty odd years a Manhattan "institution" along with Times Square, the Ziegfeld Follies, push-cart pedlers, and the Aquarium, is on the rampage again after an incredibly protracted span of good behavior.

Time was when McGraw had the reputation for being a bad actor on the field, an umpire baiter who counted that day lost which didn't see him banished from the bench. The nickname "Mugsy" (which he loathes) was pinned on him because of his partiality for a scrap. That quick-tempered, hard-bitten McGraw of the 1902-1917 era regarded any man in a blue suit as a public enemy. Half the fun of going to the Polo Grounds was the assurance that you would see the squat, cobby leader of the Giants shaking his fist at the umpirical jaw or thumbing his nose derisively as he swaggered off the field. Indeed, the astonishing drawing power of the New York Giants in western cities could fairly be traced to McGraw pugnacity.

But times change, customs alter, and men grow soft. Following the War, a new McGraw took substance—a dignified, restrained, quiet man, pudgy of paunch and gray at the temples, who sat unobtrusively in the dugout pulling the strings that motivated his puppets, but rarely seizing the spotlight. This was not like the "Mugsy" idolized or vociferously detested by millions of fans. There was something incongruous about a diffident, self-effacing, turn-the-other-cheek McGraw.

This repression must have strained McGraw's temperament to the breaking point. Like a volcano long quiescent, the Giant pilot erupted with a double-barreled detonation at St. Louis the other day. "Mugsy" stepped back into character.

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Emotions long pent up boiled over when Bob Clark, a second string National League umpire who is seldom used behind the plate, made a decision on a close play at first base which displeased McGraw. Whether or not he suffers from a persecution complex, McGraw has persistently maintained that the umpires have given the Giants all the worst of it this season. He feels that his team is being "jobbed."

At any rate, McGraw gave Clark a top-sergeant bawling out and himself got the gate. It must have revived memories of a lustier baseball era—those hardy days wherein profanity had two strikes on politeness.

▶▶ *The Battle of Brooklyn*

ANOTHER prize fight has had an unexpected ending. Surprises seem to be the rule when temperamental Jack Sharkey is in one corner. He fizzles when he's supposed to be a sure thing, and sparkles when he's doped to lose—vagaries which are pretty rough on the long-suffering "experts." Against Mickey Walker, an overstuffed middleweight scaling about 165 pounds, the 200-pound Sharkey did not strike a foul blow, but neither did he land often enough above the belt to get the decision, let alone score a knockout.

Difference of opinion, they say, keeps bookmakers alive, yet it is amazing to find so many experienced observers differing so sharply in their verdicts on the Sharkey-Walker bout. For example, the New York *Times* critic gave Sharkey ten rounds and Walker five, while the New York *Sun* reporter exactly reversed this ratio, awarding Walker ten rounds to Sharkey's five. A similar cleavage split the officials. The referee voted for Walker. One judge picked Sharkey. His colleague called it a draw. So it stood. Unhappily for Sharkey, a stalemate was as bad as a defeat. Goliath is supposed to annihilate David, few prize fight followers having read their Bible. The sometimes hysterical Sharkey lost whatever caste he had when he failed to put away a paunchy, somewhat dissipated middleweight thirty pounds lighter than himself.

Ever since Tom Sayers stood off Tom Heenan under London Prize Ring rules, giants have had their troubles with comparatively little men in a stand-up fight, although a prize ring adage has it that a "good big man can always beat a good little man." The Sharkey-Walker draw doesn't necessarily repudiate that axiom. It merely proves that a not so good big man is by no means sure to beat a not so good little man.

GEORGE TREVOR.

▶▶ The Latest Plays ◀◀

THERE *must* be more to producing a revue than meets the naked eye. Some readers may remember that that was a sentence with which I ended my piece about the Ziegfeld Follies a few weeks ago. Well, I guess I've stated an immutable fact. The occasion for again stating it is the appearance of the genial Heywood Broun in his own revue, *Shoot the Works*. Where shows like the *Follies* or the *New Yorkers* almost collapse on top of themselves through an overweight of professional talent who know their business but nevertheless seem to get in each other's way, *Shoot the Works* goes to the other extreme and gives the impression that it is being improvised on the spur of the moment by a lot of amateurs who haven't the vaguest idea what they are going to do next.

Recommended Current Shows

Gilbert and Sullivan: Milton Aborn's capable revivals are to be seen and heard.
Grand Hotel: Showing no signs of closing.
Once in a Lifetime: The delightful Hollywood satire is announced to begin a tour in September.
Precedent: It's most gratifying to see this earnest and sincere play stay on.
Private Lives: Keeps packing them in with Otto Kruger and Madge Kennedy replacing the original stars.
The Band Wagon: Highly satisfactory to eye, ear and even mind, although it's a revue.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: If you don't mind near incest in the hot weather.
The Green Pastures: Marc Connelly's beautiful negro miracle play continues.
Third Little Show: Bee Lillie, Ernest Truex, some good dancing and tunes.
Ziegfeld Follies: Fully up to Mr. Ziegfeld's own high standards.

You might think that would be a welcome relief from the usual Broadway slickness. The first two *Garrick Gaieties* certainly were. However, in the case of the *Gaieties,* the Messrs. Fields, Hart and Rodgers were about and, while there was a refreshing simplicity about the whole proceedings, that since-famous trio had a point and a purpose in everything they did. Maybe it was the sweltering heat that took it out of the members of the *Shoot the Works* troupe, but there was a verve and dash about the performances of Betty Starbuck, Bobbie Perkins, Edith Meiser and the others that Mr. Broun's players conspicuously lack.

Mind you, I don't expect Mr. Broun himself to *appear* energetic, although, of course, he really is or he wouldn't be able to do a daily column in the *World-Telegram,* talk on the radio from time to time and put on a revue all at once. One of his greatest charms is the apparently effortless way he gets off really penetrating and sensible remarks while his auditors are wondering whether his trousers are going to stay on because it seems he has forgotten his belt and/or his suspenders. He is, in fact, so amiable that you are likely to miss the really sound thinking that lies behind a lot of his gags. I could stand a lot more of his observations.

There, however, lies the rub. The purpose of *Shoot the Works* was avowedly to furnish work to as many needy actors and musicians as possible. They could, of course, just be seated on the stage and made to listen to Mr. Broun lecture—which would probably do them a lot of good—but that would be galling to their Thespian pride, so they have to be given something to do. It is in the finding of something that they *could* do that the difficulty seems to have been encountered. I meanly wonder whether the fact that the writers and composers gave their work for nothing had anything to do with its quality. Did they give the things they couldn't sell?

A notable exception to that inference must be made in the case of two songs, both by Max and Nat Lief and Michael Cleary, *Doorstep Baby* and *The First Lady of the Land.* These are both what the English call "blue" in their implications and are distinguished by the neatness of the lyrics to which catchy tunes have been set. The way in which *les frères* Lief approached dangerously but skilfully avoided the expected rhyme to dastard and plastered in the former is particularly adroit. Unwittingly, I suspect, Robert Stolz, the Austrian composer of *Zwei Herzen in Drei Viertel Takt,* contributed another effective waltz, *Das Lied ist Aus,* to the benefit of unemployed American actors. It was well sung in more than fair German by William O'Neal.

Otherwise, with all the good will in the world, it is honestly impossible to set down *Shoot the Works* as possessing many merits except good intentions. It is, however, quite possible that further performances will pull things together. I was told after the second performance, which I saw, that it was much superior to the first, and the member of the company who told me went on to say that he was sure it would continue to improve. I hope he's right in his last prophecy. But on the second night there was certainly plenty of opportunity for improvement.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

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The Week in Business

Siesta

BUSINESS is now having its usual midsummer rest period. Manufacturing plants, particularly in the automobile industry, are being shut down or operated under reduced schedules while the workers take their vacations. In a few industries, however, there is more activity than there has been at any time during the past two years.

The textiles continue their advance, with wool leading the procession and silk, cotton and rayon not far behind. The shoe industry, with its chief concentrations in New England and the St. Louis district, has also come to life. Although conditions in the leather markets are somewhat unsettled, shoe production is running well ahead of the levels of a year ago.

Commodity prices are just about where they were a week ago. Retail sales have continued brisk in most markets, but we have received additional confirmation of the statement made on this page last week that the good news has not yet reached the wholesalers. They are still waiting for the retailers to abandon piecemeal purchasing and restock as they used to before hand-to-mouth buying was invented.

Investment markets had a dull week. Total sales on the New York Stock Exchange were 5,108,425 shares, the smallest turnover since the week that ended May 8, 1926. Brokers and operators appear to have joined the manufacturers and distributors in following the Northampton formula—take a vacation this year and let the depression do its own worrying.

Selling Latin America

DURING 1930, according to figures compiled by the National Foreign Trade Council, our sales to Argentina declined 38 per cent. Germany lost 23 per cent, France 18 and Great Britain 13 per cent.

One reason for this discouraging showing is that the European manufacturers allow far more favorable credit terms than ours do to buyers in South America. Under our present banking system, money is advanced on goods in transit on ninety-day drafts, and on trade acceptances up to 180 days. The Europeans allow their South American customers time up to a full year, or even more.

Wallace Thompson, editor of *Ingenieria Internacional* and an authority on Latin American markets, is strong for a revision of our credit terms to meet this European competition. He reports that some of our larger companies, able to finance their own credits, have already begun to allow terms of a year or more to important customers, and says that if other organizations would do the same they would find an immediate response in increased orders from the South American markets.

This is, of course, a matter entirely separate from government finances. On that point Mr. Thompson agrees with Dr. Max Winkler, who has suggested that governmental obligations be handled by a bondholders' council, the problem of strictly business credits being left to business men. This point of view is, we believe, thoroughly sound. Our manufacturers should formulate their own plan for foreign credits, and put it into operation before Europe gets too far ahead to be overhauled.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) July 23—69.5. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) July 23—63.6.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended July 11—763,581 cars (increase of 95,702 over preceding week; reduction of 152,404 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended July 18—31% of capacity (same as preceding week; reduction of 26.5% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended July 18—daily average gross 2,446,800 barrels (reduction of 97,850 under preceding week and of 53,300 under same week of 1930.)

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended July 23—$7,038,134,000 (reduction of 8.3% under preceding week and of 23.1% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended July 23—469 (increase of 41 over preceding week; reduction of 41 under same week of 1930).

Vagaries—Series 22

WITH hearty thanks to our correspondents, American and foreign, who keep on batting over .300 in spite of the heat, we report the latest grist of business oddities as follows:

1. That microphone, set up in a Russian forest, which warns the villagers of the approach of packs of marauding wolves.

2. Mortality statistics of the automobile industry in the United States: in 30 years of motor history there have been 640 different makes of passenger cars. There are now 45 standard makes.

3. Ingenuity and thrift of a young Belgian journalist, who shipped himself by air mail from Brussels to Croydon, saving $8 on the regular passenger fare charged by the transport line.

4. Extension of the hotel business to provide young English hikers with lodgings at a tariff of a shilling a night. The "Youth Hostel movement" has completed six hotels and will eventually cover all the chief walking routes of England and Scotland.

5. Another English development—the flying grocer. Seventeen youngsters, winning high marks in the final examinations of the Institute of Certificated Grocers, are being taken for a tour of England and Wales to see for themselves where the butter and eggs come from.

6. Arrival at sea of the principle of back seat driving. Captain Andrew G. Townsend of the steamship *Malolo* reported on docking at San Francisco that while he was 300 miles out his wife had warned him by radio to "be sure to consider the difference in tidal flow when docking," as he was to arrive an hour earlier than his schedule called for.

A Paper Money Experiment

WITH the far-reaching results of the currency inflation of the years following 1914 fresh in his mind, Professor Don C. Barrett of Haverford had an admirable background for his study, *The Greenbacks and Resumption of Specie Payments, 1862-1879* (Harvard University Press, $3).

This is, so far as we are aware, the first attempt to cover in a single monograph the whole period of our Civil War attempt to manage a paper currency. Dr. Barrett presents a complete account of the original issues of greenbacks; of the ups and downs of prices and the excesses of speculation; of nearly two decades of muddy debate on contraction and resumption; of the authorship of the resumption act; and of actual resumption under John Sherman's leadership.

In regard to the authorship of the act, Dr. Barrett disposes of a widely accepted fallacy. Senator Sherman has generally been credited with it, due partly to his own statements in his *Recollections*. But the real author of the essential provisions of the resumption bill was Senator Edwards of Vermont. Sherman, as chairman of the finance committee, did introduce the bill, but Edwards wrote most of it.

This book, which is published as Volume XXXVI in the series of Harvard Economic Studies, covers one of the most critical periods in our financial history. Dr. Barrett has shed much new light on it, and his conclusions will prove extremely valuable to bankers, financiers, students of finance and all who are interested in the nature, the uses and the dangers of our currency.

FRANK A. FALL.

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The New Movies

This Way, Please

BURDENED with an unusual number of worries this summer, our movie producers might, if they cared, read some writing on the wall. Not very large writing, possibly, but writing nevertheless. First of all they might notice that a legitimate musical revue producer named Earl Carroll is coming out to meet them on their own terms—cheap mass production. Mr. Carroll is at this moment completing a 3,000-seat legitimate theatre across the street from the Roxy in New York. The Roxy is the world's largest movie house, having 6,000 seats. Like all movie houses in the country it has succeeded by means of mass production—thousands of cheap seats. Mr. Carroll will offer a full-fledged musical revue, and charge but from fifty cents to three dollars for his seats, thus actually beating the big-city movie fare, which is seventy-five cents and a dollar. With his 3,000 seats, Mr. Carroll thinks he can offer what Zeigfeld must charge $6.60 for . . . . and he probably can.

But Mr. Carroll will have something else which almost no movie house can offer these days—reserved seats and the comfort and quiet of mind they give to theatre going, which, after all, is supposedly relaxation and not hard work.

If Mr. Zukor or Mr. Louis B. Mayer would like to know one reason why fewer and fewer people are turning regularly to the movies for their evenings' "entertainment," I would suggest that they go stand in the line of one of our big movie cathedrals some night. Even the depression and the smaller audiences haven't helped much. The point is that seeing a movie is a matter of the survival of the fittest. To start the evening wrong, little boys in uniforms come along oozing phoney "politeness" all over you. You are standing peacefully in line like all the other oxen, when along comes little Oswald. "Move up a little *closer* in the line, please," he chants, on finding a few inches of breathing space. Oswald was trained by a Times Square subway packer. After a wait of from five to thirty-five minutes in the starting pen, you are led to some seat either in the extreme rear or extreme front of the house, with the honeyed suggestion that you can "change later." Either you are too close or too far away, so you do change—the only trouble being that everybody else has the same idea. The aisles thus become a sort of No-Man's Land, with couples darting rapidly from one pair of seats to another in their progress down (or up) to the good seats. If you are on the side sections every person who passes up the aisle below you cuts off your vision. And usually you get up about fifteen times during the course of an evening to let people climb over you on their way in or out or to better seats. Who said "entertainment?"

Worth Seeing

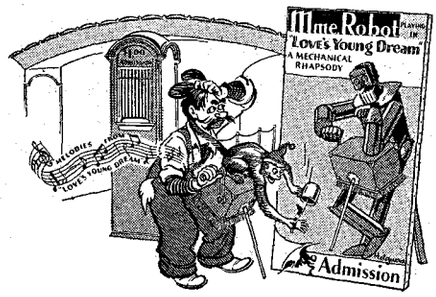
Black Camel: Charlie Chan solves another murder mystery.
Man in Possession: Robert Montgomery and Irene Purcell in something pretty smooth and *amusing.*
Murder by the Clock: About as sinister as you could want—graveyards, murders, hants and all.
Mystery of Life: Clarence Darrow tells about the facts of life—illustrated by scientific films. Quite entertaining.
Newly Rich: A story of two child movie stars who go to London to visit a child king. Fun at the expense of Hollywood.
Rebound: This year's allotment of smart dialogue, with a fine performance by Ina Claire.
Sherlock Holmes' Fatal Hour: Just about the best Sherlock Holmes film yet made. From England.
Smart Money: Edward G. Robinson as a big time gambler.
Smiling Lieutenant: Maurice Chevalier in a very satisfactory musical film—also Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins.

"Politics"

Marie Dressler comes so very near to being the best actress (or actor) in Hollywood that it is a shame Metro doesn't find her more substantial stuff to work with. However, *Politics* is by far the best of the farces she has done with Polly Moran, and is something of a change. Marie and Polly live in a small town overrun with bootleggers and racketeers, and they undertake to get Marie elected mayor to clean things up. They discover that all the men are either bootleggers or patronizing the bootleggers, and won't do anything to help them. Borrowing a bit from Aristophanes and his *Lysistrata,* Marie suggests that all the wives in town go on a strike "twenty-four hours a day," to bring the men into line. In the movies it is, of course, impossible to have any of the Greek robustness in such a situation, although one young wife finds that she has to come to Marie to avoid weakening. Of course Marie wins triumphs.

CREIGHTON PEET.

RIVALS



THE hurdy-gurdy man meets a baffling problem. Why should his rival, the Robot of Canned Music, perform for money in a theatre, while he and his monkey receive only adjurations to move out of the block? Truly, a strange enigma!

Millions have found canned music unsatisfying and have joined the Music Defense League in protest against its substitution for Living Music in the theatre.

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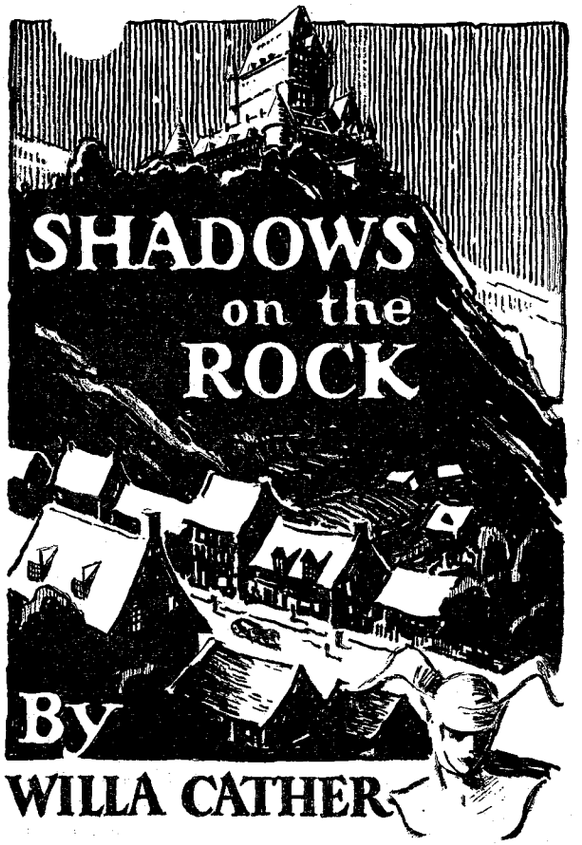
The New Books



Three Novels by Women

THREE novels by women, one of them about a great woman novelist, are published this week: Willa Cather's story of seventeenth century Quebec, *Shadows on the Rock* (Knopf, $2.50); *The Loving Spirit* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), by Daphne Du Maurier, very young granddaughter of the creator of Trilby and Svengali, Mimsy and Gogo; and *Silhouette of Mary Ann* (Stokes, $2.50), a novel about George Eliot by J. E. Buckrose. Miss Cather's book will be received with a sort of reverence, she being by many considered the leading American novelist and by all one of the leading ones. Miss Du Maurier's name will ensure her novel more praise than I think it deserves. I am afraid that Mrs. Buckrose, whose book I find both the most interesting and the best written of the three, will be lost behind those two distinguished names.

Willa Cather has, I believe, been touched and exalted by the studies of the pioneer Catholic church in America which she must have made in connection with *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. She has seen among the shadows that lie about the rock on the St. Lawrence the majestic shapes of churchmen and martyrs and soldier governors and the stirring shapes of Indian fighters and *coureurs de bois*, and the dim, crowding shapes of lesser men and women, the thousands who made French Canada. She has caught them with keen, devoted eyes and sought to make them tangible as they are visible—sought, because I do not find that she has succeeded. The great archbishop of the southwest and his fellows, saints or sinners, came to life in Miss Cather's hands and joined the company of those whom novelists have made immortal. Euclide Auclair, follower of Frontenac, and his daughter Cecile, Jacques, son of La Grenouille and who knows what wandering sailor, Father Hector, Antoine Frichette, Pierre Charron, the shoemaker and his mother, the drummer boy and the recluse of Montreal remain shadows; lovely ghosts, but ghosts. And if Bishop Laval and Frontenac are living and will live on, it is not Miss Cather but other, older writers who have made them so. There is no plot to *Shadows on the Rock*. It is a sensitive record of two years in Quebec, precisely what life was like just before Frontenac died, what was the spirit of it, what people did and believed, and how Frontenac's life and death affected Auclair, the advanced and liberal-minded apothecary whose patron he was, and Auclair's young daughter, a true Canadienne. It is made up of such scenes as lend color to bare history and such incidents as give hagiographers their material. Its characters are beautifully presented; its descriptions rich. It has great charm. It is written in a warm, living and carefully restrained prose, soothing and enriching. But it has no theme. The shadows have no souls. *Death Comes for the Archbishop* was a bell, ringing between heaven and earth, its deep reverberations going on and on and on into space. *Shadows on the Rock* is a bell, too, a pure, thin tinkle in a sanctuary; beautiful, but not great.

It is perhaps not fair to Miss Daphne Du Maurier that her novel should have been read immediately after Willa Cather's. The one is the work of a finished writer, the other that of a beginner. Miss Du Maurier tells a story of the generations of a Cornish family from the early nineteenth century to now. She has the born novelist's passion for detail and ability to see her characters through. She suggests the persistence in her Coombes of Plyn of certain family traits and shows, herself, a family trait, a feeling that death does not separate, a belief in an Ibbetsonish sort of spiritualism. She has evidently soaked herself in Emily Brontë and Rebecca West (quoted on the jacket) says that her "whopper of a romantic novel" is in the "vein of Emily Brontë." I cannot see it. Certain scenes in *The Loving Spirit* stand out with considerable sharpness; but I do not think that they are the scenes which Miss Du Maurier meant to have stand out. Her theme—for *she* has a theme and cherishes it—falls flat, her drama and her passion leave one cold. But her small scenes and characters and dialogue are real. In them one sees the born novelist beginning to work.

I am sorry to have to review J. E. Buckrose's novel of George Eliot without having time to reread *The Mill on the Floss*, without having read a word by or about George Eliot for certainly fifteen years. Her work is out of fashion; her character, so thoroughly Victorian, and her life-story, so startling to Victorians, have ceased to interest. But those who allow that to keep them from reading Mrs. Buckrose's book will be missing a delightful experience, and I must step out of the reviewer's rôle and recommend it. It is not as witty as Maurois' *Ariel*, but it is as well written, as readable, and, as a novelized biography, as good. Mary Ann Evans was, you will remember, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, factor of a gentleman's estate. She was a great butter-

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Simple Peter Cradd, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little Brown. The author of countless adventure tales proves that he can also write a charming romance. To be reviewed later.

The Sixth Journey, by Alice Grant Rosman: Minton, Balch. Grown-up love and a waif who finds a home at last in a charming romance with an English setting. Reviewed July 1.

The Shortest Night, by G. B. Stern: Knopf. A mystery, with a house party on the Riviera as its setting. To be reviewed later.

Ships of Youth, by Maud Diver: Houghton Mifflin. A story of Anglo-Indian life in which characters whom Miss Diver has previously introduced attempt to "live happily ever after." Reviewed June 24.

Non-Fiction

Washington Merry-Go-Round, Anonymous: Liveright; Official Washington irreverently and entertainingly exposed. Reviewed July 29.

Red Bread, by Maurice Hindus: Cape & Smith. Another excellent book on contemporary Russia by the author of **Humanity Uprooted.** Reviewed May 13.

The Mirrors of 1932, Anonymous: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. Reflections of the ten leading Presidential possibilities. Reviewed July 29.

The American Black Chamber, by Herbert O. Yardley: Bobbs Merrill. Memoirs colored with sensational disclosures of the Cryptographic Bureau established by the author during the War. Reviewed July 1.

Since Calvary, by Lewis Browne: Macmillan. The history of Christianity by the author of This Believing World. Reviewed July 15.

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maker and housekeeper, a great student, allowed, miraculously in those days, to study Latin, French, German, Italian, sincerely and solemnly religious, sensitive to the point of anguish, given to fits of desperate melancholy, and painfully clever. All the experiences of her childhood fixed themselves indelibly upon her mind and gave her the material for most of her novels. Maggie Tulliver as a child is pretty thoroughly Mary Ann Evans. J. E. Buckrose's story of the young years is a fairly typical record of the youth of literary genius. Mary Ann wrote poetry —"that happened which does sometimes come to help those who are martyred by an over-sensitive disposition and have a gift for words. The unbearable took shape and became bearable." Mary Ann's mother died. She and her father moved to Coventry, she met the "literary society" of the town and began to bloom. It was, at first, a very bleak flower. One can laugh, now, over the sententious conversation of the long-faced bluestocking who "had to go on explaining in set terms that the pleasures of the mind were unchanging" even while she was falling in love with Mr. Chapman, at once the first publisher and the first man of the world she had ever met. Mary Ann became Marian and a free thinker and very well pleased with herself—"she belonged now to the chosen group of philosophers and thinkers"—except when the melancholy was on her. She had already done some translating, through Mr. Chapman she went to London and became a very hard-working and competent journalist. She fell in love in pathetic, spinsterish, rather Freudian ways, with Herbert Spencer, among others, who fled when he found she meant to marry him. Then she met Lewes, a clever irresponsible, separated from his wife. The arguments whereby the self-righteous and puritanical free thinker persuaded herself to become Lewes' mistress are touching, casuistical. The methods whereby she overcame Lewes' scruples (which arose from sources scarcely connected with morals —"A leading article in crinoline," he had once called her) were strong-arm. Love and Lewes made Mary Ann Evans into George Eliot. She wrote her first fiction under his encouragement, and, though it was her own gifts which made her beloved of English readers, his elaborate stage management made her into a great figure in literary England. It seems probable that without him she would never have got beyond journalism. As novelist and as great woman she so completely captured the minds of her huge public that when Lewes died "Puritan England of the seventies mourned with George Eliot the loss of a lover whose wife was still alive a few streets away." Then she married a young man who was able to worship her and carry her papers and cheer her when she was, as she continued to be, melancholy. After her death, he did even more than that. He edited her letters and diaries, which had been written to no such end, "as if they were holy writ," made a cult of her memory and "set a seal upon her achievement of a life as well as a career." The ways of genius are strange; the heart of genius but little different from the heart of childhood. Consolation, security and praise were the human things which Mary Ann Evans wanted. The divine thing which she had came to her unsought. She looked and listened and felt and reflected—just as every novelist does—and the places and people and feelings that she knew took shape in her mind. Then something happened and they slipped out of her mind and onto paper, and were the hill and the manse and the prison—Mrs. Poyser and Hetty Sorrel and life. I don't believe George Eliot would have liked J. E. Buckrose's book. She was not one to stand off and look at herself. But she was a careful book reviewer. I believe that she would have admired it.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The ***Personality*** *of*

Criminals

***By* A. Warren Stearns, M.D.**

Dean of Tufts Medical School, Boston.

Commissioner of the Department of Correction, Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

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"THE Personality of Criminals," by A. Warren Stearns, M.D. (Beacon Press). It is encouraging to find that books treating of our crime problem in a scientific but popular manner are making their appearance. A short time ago one by Harry Elmer Barnes was reviewed in these columns and now we call attention to a little volume by Dr. A. Warren Stearns, the dean of Tufts Medical School and Commissioner of the Department of Correction for Massachusetts. *The Personality of Criminals* has grown out of the experience of Dr. Stearns in this perplexing field and is a welcome addition to the popular literature on this subject.

The author believes that when we study criminals we are at bottom merely studying non-conformists, "those who will not or cannot play upon the team." So he begins by classifying the various types of non-conformity. He finds that one group is made up of normal children who become a problem through neglect or defect in training—our criminals today are largely of this class. Then there are the feeble-minded who by proper training can take some helpful place in society. Also there are the insane who through mental disease have become socially irresponsible—the percentage of such criminals is not great. In addition to these there are the victims of personality disorders. These form an important part of the criminal class but not as large a part as has often been assumed. To these groups we must add those who are afflicted with functional nervous disease and senility. Then there are those who are handicapped by physical disease—a very large group and one in which alcohol plays no small rôle. In the words of Dr. Stearns, "From the standpoint of the criminologist alcohol may be said to be the great enemy." Finally there is a group who are not diseased in any way that can be noted but who are "situational or environmental problems." A large percentage of our criminal population falls into this class.

Turning to the "categories of criminals" as distinguished from other nonconformists, Dr. Stearns believes that the soundest view is to conceive of crime as natural conduct unconditioned by training or self-control. Hence his grouping is on the basis of the human impulse involved. Here he lists the pugnacious impulse which gives rise to assault and murder, the acquisitive impulse which results in theft and dishonesty, the procreative instinct which gives rise to the various sex offenses and finally those acts which have been made criminal by laws made necessary by our complex civilization. His treatment of these various groups is most fascinating and often upsetting of preconceived opinions. He finds that murders do not climax a long career of crime, but are generally committed in the heat of anger and by those of a low cultural level. The murderer is "often the least depraved of all criminals." His experience leads Dr. Stearns to the conclusion that no small share of crime is crime against property; to use his words, "over half the serious crimes and a substantial percentage of all crime." This incidentally would bear out the socialist contention in this field. Twenty-five per cent of the serious offenders are guilty of sex offenses and these offenses occur more

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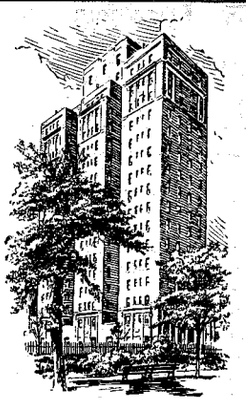

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often among married men than among single. In discussing the prohibitions made necessary by our complex life he points out that there seems to be something about the automobile which stimulates primitive selfishness. "The same people who will go to a ball, bow deeply and insist that everybody enter the room ahead of them, when seated in automobiles in a crowd where lives are imperiled, will grit their teeth, blow their horns, and insist without regard for life or limb in getting there first."

And how shall we control crime? Apply the scientific method to it. Stress the side of diagnosis. Build up proper case records of our criminals. Do away with our trials by combat as they now take place in our court rooms. Above all we must take care of our children. "Every cent spent on effective child guidance is a contribution toward crime prevention." Let us remember too that "Every new law dilutes the police force just so much." As the author sums it up: "Let us not pin our faith upon legal enactments, ritualistic procedures, architectural devices or harsh punishments. Science is knocking at the door; she has not yet solved the problem, but . . . . has made an impressive beginning." Dr. Stearns has not overloaded his book with case material but he has given enough to make it highly interesting as well as instructive. The thinking public is his debtor.

Edmund B. Chaffee.

"Yacht Racing" (Little, Brown, $4) is a book that is made for fans and that will make fans. Its author, Edwin A. Boardman, designer and racer of small sailboats, becomes almost lyric as he describes the zest of sailboat racing for young and old; but he has also crammed the book full of sound, modestly offered advice to the novice and the old hand. There is beauty as well as instruction in the twenty-five illustrations of large and small sailing craft.

A third of the 236 pages are devoted to a description of "some actual races" and it is there that the fan will begin to read the book—unless he steers at once for the chapters on sails and rig, and on the care of hull and equipment.

Like many another expert helmsman, Mr. Boardman has been cocking his eye at a sail and handling a tiller since boyhood. He began forty years ago: here's hoping he'll be at it in 1971!

For the present and future benefit of the sport, Mr. Boardman recommends the creation of a new inexpensive class —"an open boat that is small, capsizable, and very fast, and one in which the management and the live ballast are the means of keeping her upright on her feet, so preventing her from turning over or filling up." The lessons learned in such boats, he says, will "always stand one in good stead, no matter in what type boat one may eventually do his racing."

Rodman Gilder.

"Four in Family," by Humphrey Pakington (Norton, $2). This is indeed a contrast to the gloomy innuendoes so popular, at the moment, in stories of family life. Mildly sly, lightly satiric, Mr. Pakington rattles on about the Warmstry household and their friends without a formulated plan. He makes no effort to dovetail their relationships or to evolve, for their emotions, some high-pitched, fevered crux. He contents himself with mirroring their habits, their pastimes, their platitudes, and their idiosyncracies. Mrs. Warmstry, endowed with a placid banality, is trying to settle her family in the social life of Severnhampton where she has just completed a new house. Mr. Warmstry, being of a somewhat more rebellious nature, handicaps his wife's activities by an occasional outburst against conventional neighbors. No other friction mars the smoothness of their lives for, as the author explains, they were both, in their different ways, built for happiness. Their son and their three daughters contribute a pleasant confusion. The Colonel and his wife, the Dean, the Bishop and a handful of neglected ladies who comprise the cream of the community buzz around the edges of the Warmstrys without the power to sting them. There is a dinner party, given by Mrs. Warmstry for her new friends, which, in comic actuality, stands flawless. The book has a bright, brittle surface. It is safe to say that, although it is a novel without a struggle, it will entertain you.

Virgilia Peterson Ross.

"The Irish Beauties," by E. Barrington (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Under her own name, L. Adams Beck, the author has published Oriental romances; under her pseudonym she has had wide success as a writer of fictionized biography. Byron, Napoleon, Mary of Scotland, Marie Antoinette, Cleopatra, Lady Hamilton and other tragic or startling figures of history have been presented with a strong leaning toward the sentimental and romantic. Now the Gunning sisters, Maria and Elizabeth, undergo the same process, and furnish good material for this kind of writing. Their astounding social success, first in Dublin and then in London, was due to their beautiful faces and perhaps even more to the adroit capture of Horace Walpole's patronage by Elizabeth, who was the brains of the family—neither Maria nor Mrs. Gunning had a particle. Such a furore for girls who were never on the stage, who were distressingly poor, who were only of fairly good family—their father and grandfather were lords but of no character or importance—had never been seen before. An Irish granny in Dublin had told the girls' fortune; she promised Elizabeth a husband of almost the highest rank. In actuality Elizabeth was proposed to by three dukes, and married two of them—surely a record for any poor girl! Maria had to be content with just one earl.

The story is highly amusing. Also the author has steeped herself in the period and makes even its high-flown diction agreeable.

The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 440 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

Brentano's, *New York;* Scrantoms, Inc., *Rochester;* Korner & Wood, *Cleveland;* Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney, *St. Louis;* Kendrick Bellamy Co., *Denver;* Teolin Pillot Co., *Houston;* Paul Elder & Co., *San Francisco;* Norman Remington Co., *Baltimore;* Emery Bird Thayer, *Kansas City;* Miller's Book Store, *Atlanta;* Bullock's, *Los Angeles;* Stewart Kidd, *Cincinnati;* J. K. Gill Co., *Portland, Oregon;* John Wanamaker, *Philadelphia;* The Old Corner Book Store Inc., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

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"KINGS in the Making: the Princes of Wales," by E. Thornton Cook (Dutton, $5). As in his previous books dealing with English and Scottish royalties in groups—such as kings, queens, Marys and Elizabeths—the author aims both to be terse and colorful. He succeeds in not dropping to the level of hack work, and packs incident and character quite dramatically in the few pages allotted to each Prince. There have been twenty holders of the title and twelve of them lived to be king. One is a bit surprised to learn that until the birth of the present Prince of Wales none has been born in England of English-born parents for four centuries. Our author is not afraid to point out princely faults—he deals faithfully with the contemptible roué who became George IV—but still it will pay the reader to re-peruse Thackeray's "Four Georges" to get a full view of that unhappy and mostly contemptible family. As is well known, the title Prince of Wales was the outcome of a trick played by Edward I on the Welsh rebel chiefs. They shouted with joy when he promised to give them a Prince born in Wales and unable to speak English. Then he presented his own new-born son. The Welsh took the joke. It is a long interval between that first Prince of Wales and the other who has lately been acclaimed Great Britain's courier of trade and good-will to South America. The old heroic, fighting days of the Black Prince and Harry of Agincourt are long past but they and some of their successors were fine and romantic figures of history.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

Behind the Blurbs

WHEN, in The *Silver Scale Mystery*[1], we read how Miss Gregor was inexplicably murdered in her locked bedroom in Duchlan Castle, and how her nephew's name was Eoghan, and how Eoghan's wife's name was Oonagh, we knew at once that there were going to be kelpies or wraiths or Highland horrors of some kind, and sure enough, there's a mysterious splash in the burn and a dreadful thing like a seal goes swimming out to sea. Detective Dundas comes, investigates, is bumped off, and succeeded by Inspector Barley, who is presently bumped off too, just after he has made out an ironclad case against the local physician. And then Dr. Hailey, who thank heaven was staying in the neighborhood, gets to work and provides us with an extremely ingenious explanation, and a weapon which we don't remember ever to have seen used before in a fiction murder. Very good, this one. ☙ ☙ ☙ What does a nice girl do when, having accepted the invitation of a perfectly presentable French countess to visit at the Chateau des Bois Profonds, she finds herself a prisoner until she agrees to marry the countess' son? You can find out what Jennifer Talbot did under these circumstances if you read *Mouse Trap*[2]. She really had a pretty bad time, and the sinister Vicomte des Champs-nouveaux was trying to starve her into submission in a dungeon before her friend, Quentin, came to the rescue. A mildly exciting tale. ☙ ☙ ☙ Andreas Latzko, whose *Men in War* you may remember, has written, in *Seven Days*[3], the story of Baron Mangien, wealthy manufacturer, who, caught in a compromising situation, is forced to change places for several days with Karl Abt, one of his workmen. Karl is killed by the husband of Mangien's mistress, and Mangien himself escapes at the expense of Landau, who has given up wealth to devote his life to the poor. Latzko has an axe to grind, but he does not grind it at the expense of the story, and he offers no sentimental solutions for the problem he states. But the book will make you think. ☙ ☙ ☙ An amusing small item from Random House is an old New Bedford whaling yarn, *Thar She Blows*[4], which Mr. Paul Johnston, who has selected the version here printed, tells us in his foreword has been passed, by word of mouth, up and down the New England coast for almost a hundred years. It is a story of a certain first mate, Mr. Sims, who demanded only civility from his skipper. Mr. Johnston's illustrations are extremely lively and appropriate. ☙ ☙ ☙ When Danny McGlone came to New York to direct a series of radio programs, he ran into an epidemic of apparent suicides, and presently found that he was involved in an extremely clever scheme for the use of radio by gangsters. There's plenty of excitement in *The Broadcast Murders*[5], and a great deal too much mystery. You don't know why A is shot, nor why B jumps out of the window, nor why C hands the jewels to D, and then there are E, F, G, H and a lot of others who are feverishly active and violent without any apparent motives. The author, Fred Smith, has adopted the Dashiell Hammett manner of telling his story, but he has by no means mastered the manner. Which is a pity, for he has a good story to tell. ☙ ☙ ☙ The August book of the Book League is John Fort's *God in the Straw Pen*.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1 By Anthony Wynne: Lippincott, $2.

2. By M. N. A. Messer: Putnam, $2.00.
3. Viking, $2.50.
4. $1.00.
5. Day, $2.00.

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Music

Notable New Recordings

It seems about time to get around again to some of the so-called popular selections. I say so called because there was a press story the other day to the effect that Rudy Vallee had got one cent royalty for popularizing a song over the radio which had subsequently sold two copies. Be that as it may, you can imagine how chagrined I am to have to admit that Mr. Vallee has made by far the best version of *When Yuba Plays the Rumba on the Tuba*[1]. Can the grapefruit-throwing Harvard lads have been wrong after all? Why, Rudy is actually funny on purpose in this record! On the other side he is confidentially autobiographical, I presume, when he croons in more like his customary fashion *I'm Keepin' Company,* although he now unbends to the extent of dropping that "g" in the title. His band, too, has improved of late.

Another most danceable disk is Leo Reisman's *I Love Louisa* and *New Sun in the Sky*[2], both from *The Band Wagon,* which are graced by vocal choruses by Fred Astaire himself, who, up to this point, has taken no part in the singing. The young man is all right.

Ted Lewis is back again with a typical *I'm All Dressed Up with a Broken Heart* and *I Love You in the Same Sweet Way*[3]. It's really remarkable how long Mr. Lewis has held on, continually keeping his orchestra up to date but keeping it obviously Ted Lewis.

The Cuban-Spanish flood continues practically unchecked, although it has come in for a bit of kidding, such as in the above-mentioned *Yuba* and *Fiesta*[4], with which Ben Bernie and His Orchestra have a lot of fun. A remarkably good genuine Cuban record is Don Aspiazu and His Havana Casino Orchestra doing *Green Eyes* and *La Ruñidera*[5], which Marion Sunshine has somewhat freely translated as *Wanna Lot o' Love.* The latter is particularly hot. To revert to Mr. Bernie, the *Fiesta* disk is worth having because of a gloriously nonsensical *The Alpine Milkman,* which is on the other side.

One of the best torch songs for a long while is *I'm Thru with Love,* as sung by Lee Morse, accompanied by Her Blue Grass Boys. She is not so intense, but equally effective on the reverse in *Let's Get Friendly*[6]. Her range is extraordinary.

O. C-T.

1. Victor 22742.
2. Victor 22755.
3. Columbia 2492-D.
4. Brunswick 6107.
5. Victor 22729.
6. Columbia 2474-D.

From the Life

Unknown

It was a lost country. The world, as the world knew itself, was for a long time ignorant of its existence. And when at last the world discovered it, stumbling, it caught itself up for a moment only to exclaim and wonder. Then the world rushed on, remembering vaguely and forgetting in the end. The new discovered land stirred and turned and was all but lost again. But not quite. For once every day it was roused and stirred by the railroad. Westward one day, eastward the next, the train roared and flashed its long stretch through the prairies and was gone. But there had been a train. There was a whole world lying this way—another world that—and who could say what they were like.

Did the light fall differently there? Did the people have a wiser look? Did music, intricate and many colored, burst from the steeples like jewels, to fall softly on flowers that sprang below? Were the streets really gay and smooth like ribbons, rolling—fluttering—

Or were those worlds like nothing ever seen. Moving water—as wild and deep, and high as prairie winds. Sand that was bright and living as gold, not white with death, like the sand of the desert. Worlds of ships that flew like magic palaces, upheld by oceans and rocked by air, grazing the moon at night and at dawn sailing straight into the sun?

Some such wonder filled the little boy who ran each day from the streets of the flat village, and waited beside the track. There was always a moment when he was not quite sure—was it his heart, or the far-off beat and rumble of iron on steel? Then he could be certain—then the curl of smoke against a still sky—and gradually, from nowhere, a cry, faint and growing louder—louder, filling the sky, catching him up and drowning him in noise! The train was going by.

He shook and trembled with the grass. He lifted his arms above his head and waved them violently as windmills. His heart pounded in his throat like an eagle about to fly.

And then the train was gone. He walked through stillness towards his home, thinking about it. There had been faces at the windows; men, women and children all looking at something marvelous in the distance; all looking as though they were painted on the glass; always different. Only one was every day the same. That one dressed like a general and, looking like a king, stood between two cars upon the platform. He knew everything; he traveled over the whole world; he told every one what to do. Each day, as the train rushed by, he flung his arm above his head, and looked straight at the boy. When he grew up, thought the boy, he would be like that, he would stand all day on a train and know what life—everywhere—was like.

Back and forth went the train, marking off the days. As far as the outside world was concerned it was no more than a small clock ticking away the time So the inevitable moment arrived finally when a new conductor was to take charge, for the old conductor had died.

"There's a strange duty for you, in this connection," the new conductor was told by an embarrassed official. "A sort of—sort of dying request for that matter, made by the former conductor on the line."

"That so?" asked the new conductor.

"Well, you see it was this way," went on the official, frowning hard in his effort to make something clear. "There was a small boy lived along the route. A long time ago. Used to go and stand 'longside the tracks and wave at the conductor. Never missed a day for that matter. Not so long as he lived, he didn't. Then the kid died. Well—you can see how it was. The conductor sort of used to count on it, watching for the kid to wave and all. Like a bit of life to him. So you can see how it was. When the kid didn't show up he had to find out why. Then it seems the kid had died, and so they buried him 'longside the track. And once a week, see, the old fellow used to stop the train and put flowers there and just sort of see that everything was right. So that's what it's all about. He said when he was dying would the train please keep on stopping and see that everything was right. Flowers, maybe. And so on."

The new conductor stared dumbfounded. "Why, sure," he said. "Why, sure. But where's the kid's folks?"

"Well, of course that's part of it. His folks moved off, a good while back."

The new conductor nodded. "And what'd you say his name was? The boy's name?"

"That's sort of funny too," said the official. "Nobody knows his name. A long time ago—and nobody just seems to remember. But there's his grave all right. Close to the tracks."

On his first week out the new conductor stopped the train beside a handful of all but forgotten earth and left some flowers. He may have felt it was a tribute to those who had traveled farther than he, and knew more about some other world—some other kind of life—than he did.

Ibby Hall.

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The Gadfly in the Senate

(Continued from Page 432)

dent's father to the Confederate reunion in that city. The President wrote: "I am writing to thank you for the kindly things you have said concerning my father and his visit, and the courteous references you have made to the present occupant of the White House. In your capacity as chief trouble-maker in the Senate you have said some things which have caused me to lay my newspaper down and turn to a fresh pipe of tobacco for consolation. This very generous and considerate article has antidoted all the things which have gone before."

Perhaps the most damning remark ever made about the Honorable Pat was uttered by his "old and good friend, Cal Coolidge," while the latter was still enjoying his reputation as the Apostle of Prosperity and the Sphinx of Politics. Hearing that the Mississippi Senator was to deliver a speech in the city of the Lodges and the Cabots, the then silent man from Massachusetts, without Pat's knowledge or consent, wrote several Boston friends to treat the southern Senator with all the consideration a "good fellow deserved." After Pat had again returned to his onerous duty of pin-pricking the Republicans he heard of the President's unsolicited kindness and called one day at the White House to gab with silent Cal and thank him for his thoughtfulness. The President shook the hand of his visitor in his fervid New England manner and said in his droll way:

"Well, Pat, your voice is the most familiar thing about you!"

Not even his severe critics will deny that Pat Harrison is one of the best posted men in the Senate. He reads carefully every word the President says and neglects no utterances of Cabinet members or national committeemen which would add to the festivity of a Republican massacre. Nothing escapes him. Perhaps the most famous of his onslaughts was based on the speech of the late Ambassador Harvey during the Harding régime when Harvey compared the President to an elephant which 'tests with painstaking caution' every plank in crossing a bridge; but when convinced of firm footing, over he goes!" Characteristically, Harrison gleefully rushed to the slaughter, and upheld the fair name of his friend Gamaliel.

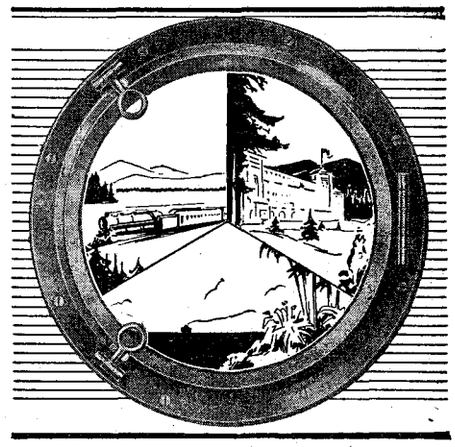
"We know," he protested, "that the elephant never has been trained to do any trick except to go around in a circle. We know that the elephant can go backward just as rapidly as he can forward; that he is the wonder and merriment of children; that no show or menagerie would be complete without him. And there is one peculiar thing, too, about an elephant. It is the only animal in the forepart of whose head you can find wood, and the only value which has ever been found about an elephant is his solid ivory."

So Pat, "as an American, out of the realms of partisanship," rose to plead with Americans "not to believe what George Harvey had to say about their President."

The 1932 campaign is in full swing now that Pat has uncorked the vials of his aromatic wrath against the Hoover administration. Other Democrats in the House and Senate often yield to the mellifluous Mr. Michelson, and mechanically mouth the ingenious thoughts of that ingenious person, but not Pat Harrison. He invents his own thoughts, and clothes them in his own picturesque language. His pictures of the devastations brought about by the plutocratic party in power send delicious gooseflesh waving along the Democratic spine, and his vituperation is of the choicest quality. His description of the poverty and squalor into which the Hoover-Mellon régime has cast them has enraptured his fellow Democrats and now they wear their rags like royal raiment, revelling in their dire extremity, because of the glorious visions of redemption unfolded by the Mississippian. They know while they are under his spell that the triumphant Democratic host is about to work its wizardry, transmuting base metal into gold, and poverty into lascivious wealth. All of which chaff showeth, indeed, which way the wind doth blow.

The Progressive-Democratic coalition in the Senate, many claim, is a thing of the past, but whether or no, Pat Harrison is one man who might bring the adhesive parts into cohesive juxtaposition again. Three times a United States Senator, an experienced and successful politician since his early youth, keynoter of one convention, stalwart and persuasive spellbinder of another, he is a man to be reckoned with. There are no sharpshooters in the enemy ranks who can pick off the redoubtable Pat, nor dampen the profane ecstasy with which he perforates the Republican hide. In 1928 he rejected the proposal that he offer for the seat now sacred to the dignity of the mustachioed Curtis. Whether Senator Pat would again refuse to extend his hand for the sweetly warbling birdie in the bush remains to be seen.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



DENMARK

The peninsula of Jutland, the large island of Zeeland, and hundreds of smaller islands, make up this 1000-year-old "Kingdom of the Sea," an open sunny land with a history grandly romantic in character. ¶ Out from among its myriad islands sailed the Vikings to harry the coasts of Europe, explore the east coast of America and colonize parts of England. ¶ Most famous of its castles is "Kronborg" in Elsinore,— and most dear to thousands is the old, old town of Odense on the island of Funen, birthplace of the poor cobbler's son, the poet Hans Christian Andersen, whose fairy tales are now among the world's classics. ¶ Travel in modern Denmark is by motor, bicycle, ferry, rail and boat. ¶ The country varies from wide sunny beaches to wind-tossed dunes . . . cosy red-roofed villages, old churches, castles, fishing villages . . . modern cities and restaurants. ¶ In planning all holidays, write for details to Mrs. Kirkland, *Director.*

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

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Christian Culture, R. F. D.

(Continued from Page 429)

thoroughly familiar; and since he consequently told them only what they already knew, but told it with the tongue of a master orator, he was regarded as the greatest mind of all time by the yokels whose ears stood out like water-wings as they listened to him.

It was long the boast of the bureaus that Bryan was "good for forty acres of parked Fords anytime, anywhere." And it was true. What's more, no one knew this any better than the Great Commoner; and he profited accordingly. He took not only a fixed fee for each lecture he delivered, but also a percentage of the largely augmented gate receipts for the day of his appearance. Standing on the platform in his ill-fitting and wondrously wrinkled garments, his face deeply lined with what one and all recognized as the burdens of others' souls, Bryan could tell to within a dime his share of the day's gate.

TRAILING far behind him in popularity, but still the most popular members of the talent, were the other ham-and-egg lecturers. They lectured on everything from international politics to interior decorating. Some of them were the presidents or professors of microscopic fresh-water colleges. Some were Congressmen whose oratorical powers had been developed in the calling of hogs. Some were cracker-barrel philosophers or marshmallow poets of the Eddie Guest school. Some were leather-lunged evangelists—Billy Sunday was one of these until he went into business for himself. Most of them were ignoramuses, and very nearly all of them were intellectual quacks.

With the brown tents of the Chautauqua sent ahead, with advertising placards and banners displayed in the waiting towns, it was customary to assemble the talent—actors, singers, musicians, magicians and lecturers—and prepare them for the coming ordeal. This ceremony, conducted by the bureau officials, was an inquisition into the morals of the performers and the issuing of solemn warnings about avoiding the appearance of evil. The lady performers were harangued as to the sinfulness of rouge, lipstick and all but the most modest of attire. They were forbidden to dally with the bucks of the towns which they were to visit. The gentlemen were treated to a lecture on the ill-effects of nicotine and alcohol—not so much on their own constitutions as on the reputation of the Chautauqua circuit. And they were warned against philandering with the village belles.

As the season progressed, the bureau authorities followed up this advice with a system of vigilant supervision. Daily reports were forwarded to the bureau headquarters, measuring exactly the reception accorded to each number on the program and reporting any falling from grace on the part of the performers. Letters from the bureau demanded "more snap and ginger," and contracts were cancelled in mid-season for moral lapses.

Booze caused much trouble. Musicians, actors and even lecturers frequently indulged in alcoholic relaxation. I think there would have been even more complaint on this score than there was had it not been that most of the bone-dry local worthies were strongly addicted to highly alcoholic tonics, and their wives to similarly potent female remedies. Consequently they could not always detect the odor of sin on the performers' breaths.

With the beginning of the tour, there began the education of the new performers into the delights of traveling through tank-town America. No one who has had that education will ever forget it. Most of the trains bearing Chautauqua performers were scheduled, it seemed to me, for departure from one town at 1:37 a.m., and for arrival at the next town at 5:32 of the same morning, a journey which gave each performer ample opportunity to commune with his soul and thus further strengthen the message of spiritual uplift which he was to give the next day. At other times, particularly on rainy nights, the performers were treated to endless rides over any roads or no roads at all in the antiquated motor vehicles which served as interurban taxis on the steppes.

There has been prolonged and violent argument as to the net value of the Chautauqua. Its proponents claim that it is the great leaven of thought, education, cultural advancement and community betterment, that it has been and is now the salvation of the American small town. Its opponents say that at best it is harmless intellectual meringue for the yokels, and at worst the rallying point for the forces of conservatism, intolerance and bigotry. I incline to the latter point of view.

The entertainment provided is good. I have seen—believe it or not—magnificent acting on the Chautauqua platform, passages from Shakespeare in which the actors sounded deeply the depths of that great master. And I have seen modern comedies delightfully performed. The reason for this, I think, was that the Chautauqua players did not enjoy the advantages of the best costuming, scenery, staging and lighting. Whatever effect they produced had to come almost entirely from within themselves.

In the field of music, the Chautauqua fans like the old songs best—such things as: "I Hear You Calling Me," "Annie Laurie," and "Love's Old Sweet Song." Their operatic tastes are for the lighter numbers from "Madame Butterfly," "Tannhauser," "Samson and Delilah" and "Thais." Their favorite instrumental composers are Mendelssohn, Handel, Rubinstein and Dvorak—these in their lighter compositions.

HUMOR, in the lecture, must be broad—in fact, to be well received, it must be incredibly obvious. But it must *never* be low. And the entertainment provided by magicians and other entertainers must be unmistakable in its significance.

In all of this there is nothing wrong—so far as it goes. But there are extraordinarily narrow limits, set up by the rural arbiters of culture and religiously adhered to by the bureau authorities. The fullness, the richness, the splendid flavor of Shakespeare, the unexpurgated and hence unhampered sweep of his tragedies, and of his histories and comedies, too—these would not be tolerated by any Chautauqua audience that ever gathered in the brown tent. The modern drama, if it really treats of the essential truths of life would have the same reception. I like to picture the average Chautauqua audience's reaction to "Strange Interlude"—it would be cataclysmic, but it would be gorgeous. The light and sophisticated comedy which has delighted civilized metropolitan audiences

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for season after season would arouse howls of protest from the rural dignitaries.

In the field of music, the better works of the great composers are not wanted, and would not be understood if they were played; and I am also sure that if their more emotional passages *were* understood, they would be barred as quickly as the hottest of Broadway leg shows. True, jazz is banned; and that may be a good prohibition; but it is banned not because it is intellectually unsatisfying (it would come nearer to the intellectual level of the Chautauqua audience than any music ever written), but because its gaiety and rhythm are synonymous, in the minds of the rural audience, with the manifold sins of city life.

THE same restrictions apply to the words of the lecturer. The slightest suggestion of liberalism produces an immediate uproar. Any tolerant reference to the theatre, card-playing, religious philosophies other than those of the Methodist and Baptist brethren, man's age-old appetite for alcoholic beverages, or—above all—sex, may be counted on to raise an instant hurricane of indignation.

In my own lecturing I had the feeling that if I was to accomplish anything it would have to be through an appeal to the younger generation. Perhaps for that reason my attitude toward them was always one of sympathy. It invariably brought down on my head the wrath of the elders. One evening in a little town in Kansas, I spoke about as follows:

"Let us remember that many of these impulses in our young people are natural ones. If our theology is true, they are God-given. If they are wrongly followed, it is very often our fault, the parents' fault. Yet if one of our girls gets into trouble, she finds arrayed against her, first, most of the older women of the community, and second, the men, who in large measure act in self-defense. These are the women and the men who go to church on Sunday and profess to adhere to Christ's teaching about forgiveness for sin."

Before I was half way through these simple truths, I could feel the rising, the actually audible, tide of antagonism among the elderly righteous, and that evening after the performance the platform manager was treated to a tirade from the massed hypocrites of the town, who were unanimous in branding me as a heretic, an atheist and a destroyer of small-town virtue.

That the Chautauqua is a strong educational agency is, I think, a fallacy. Much of the material presented by the better lecturers is educational in its nature, but there is little of the real educational process. It is easy to make the yokel believe—and it is pleasant for him to believe—that by sitting on a bench and keeping his ears open for an hour and a half he will come into actual possession of educational information, or that he will enrich his acquaintance with the world of culture. He grasps with avidity a condensed cultural course which costs him far less than the Harvard classics and which, in addition, relieves him entirely of the arduous task of thinking. He gets, in my opinion, exactly what he pays for, and that is approximately nothing.

In any community, large or small, educational and cultural activities such as these might well be popular. That they are not in the cities, is because there are so many more entertaining diversions. That they are in the small towns, is because most of these diversions are lacking. But that they prosper in the small towns because they greatly assist the self-advancement of small-town citizens is not true.

It is conceivable that the Chautauqua might act as intellectual leaven for the hinterlands, but it does not, and for a very simple reason. These lands are the fastnesses of dreary earnestness, conservatism, orthodoxy, evangelical morality, intolerance and bigotry. To the older inhabitants of these fastnesses, fun and sin are synonymous—the Siamese-twin children of the devil. It is fun to listen to the compositions of Gershwin; and it is therefore sinful. But it is improving to expose one's self to long-winded descriptions of the customs of foreign lands, or the philosophic vaporings of a Methodist bishop; and it is therefore a sacred duty to do so. The evangelical theologies are safe, sane and holy; and the superannuated cleric who prates of them is more than welcome. All else is heresy; and he who mentions it, save to damn it, is damned himself. Enlightened social science is at variance with the rural code of morals on many points; and is therefore barred from the Chautauqua platform. The rulers of the small-town world will not countenance the presentation of unorthodox truth. What they ban for themselves must be banned for their neighbors. Puritania must be kept an inviolate realm.

There are today doubtful prophecies as to the future of the Chautauqua. Many see a decrease in its activities and its influence, and if they are devoted to the Chautauqua ideals they bewail this weakening along with the other evils of the age. It is held that the automobile, providing greater freedom of movement, has lured small-town and rural folk away from the nearby brown tent, has taken them to the city for recreation, and has there introduced them to the lurid charms of the talkies, the dance halls and the speakeasies. As a result, the placidly virtuous programs of the Chautauqua are said to have lost their charm. The radio is claimed to have wooed the rural ear into succumbing to the soul-destroying influence of jazz. And it is said that the young folks, who are most strongly affected by these vicious modern influences, are also finding the educational offerings of the programs less absorbing, now that so many are attending the state universities.

IN ALL of these forebodings there is some truth. But there is another side to the picture. The men who control the Chautauqua bureaus are now as formerly gentlemen of perspicacity and initiative. They may be expected to devote the same intelligent energy to preserving their business that they devoted to building it. The Chautauqua may have lost—it undoubtedly has lost—many of the small towns from which it formerly drew its annual tributes. There has been mortality among the smaller circuits; and there have been mergers in the Chautauqua business as in all others.

But there has been adjustment as well as loss. The traveling Chautauqua of today is not that of a decade ago. The brown tent is larger; it seats fifteen hundred now, and seats them on fold-

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Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

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ing steel chairs instead of backless wood benches. The platform has become a full-size stage with a real loft, good scenery and excellent lighting. There is a tendency to replace the tabloid scenes of other years with full-length dramas; and some of the actors are now drawn from Broadway. The musical programs are expanding—upward toward better things and downward toward jazz. And cautious experiments are being made with a few lecturers who deal in ideas rather than words. Not that the inspirational mountebank has disappeared; in fact he is better off than ever, since he now summers with the Chautauqua and winters at the luncheon table of the Rotary Club.

There will be conflict. The holy flame of Methodism still inspires those older ones who yet hold the small-town purse strings. These look with horror at the more attractive and less fully costumed gals who today tread the Chautauqua boards and dispense sweet music for Chautauqua ears, and they shudder when any lecturer hurls an idea at them. They will try to pass on the torch of their intolerance to younger hands. Maybe those hands will keep it burning, but that does not appear to be certain. The younger rural generations may know no more than their elders, but at least they seem less averse to being told what they don't know. Their tastes in amusement are broader if not more discriminating.

Eventually these youngsters will take over the purse strings, and then we shall see what we shall see. It seems highly probable that the Chautauqua will live for yet a while, though doubtless it will be greatly altered with the passing years. Sooner or later it will die; and then we may expect it to set up its brown tent on the outskirts of the New Jerusalem, an astral forum for the roaring of the sainted Bryan.

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